David H. Shields.

Can We Find God?

ARTHUR BARDWELL PATTEN

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The New Mysticism

BY

ARTHUR BARDWELL PATTEN

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To

The Christian Century

and especially to its editor

DR. CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON

through whose courtesy the Author was first privileged to express in print not a few of the central ideas now expanded in this book.

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FOREWORD

Can we find God anew in the new day? This book is written in the interest of real experimental religion. It seeks to relate religion to the whole range of reality, and to give a balanced account of the deeper experience of man. The ordinary devotional book is both too partial and too pietistic, while the common theological work is usually too formal and academic. The present author has tried to marry spirituality to psychology, to mate the scientific and the saintly temper, and to match the deposits of the religion of the past with the dynamic of current experience. He has sought to keep near to earth and to the ordinary concerns of life, and yet to breathe the divinity of the common day, and to glimpse the splendor of the common task. He has ventured to find God where the divine and the human meet—in the soul of man, and in the society of men. He believes that the contemporary and crusading God of real life is both inspiring and enlisting us today, and that to commune with God is to carry on with humanity's ever-present Creator and Companion.

A. B. P.

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Can We Find God?

CAN WE FIND GOD?

Chapter I

Finding God Where he Finds Us: The New Mysticism

One refrain runs through each chapter of this book: *Find God where he finds you.* God is a fact in psychology,—and the master fact. Sentiments are as valid for reality as are sensations. Inspirations and instincts are often mixed, but both are authentic. Essentially the soul may be trusted; and its findings are fundamentally as reliable in spiritual concerns as in physical. In fact, men can discern the physical only because they have spirits that can observe and think. Men can study matter only because they have minds. But mind itself is the supreme study. And man's attention and thought can not find their highest occupation short of communion with the Master Mind—the present Creator Spirit of the world.

The soul can be depended upon, and religion is a demonstration in man's deepest experience. So

find God where he finds you: Find him in your own personality; find him in your conscious and subconscious mind; find him in "the beyond that is within"; find him in the interplay of intuition and initiative; find him in the gospel of the Holy Ghost; find him in the balance of priestly and prophetic devotion; find him in your sense of need; in your sense of duty; in your sentiment of love; find him in the audacity of your faith; find him in your scientific interest and in your saintly inspiration; find him in the Bible and beyond; find him in the fundamental historic experiences; find him in the dynamic of social progress; find him in and through Jesus Christ, the Master Mystic.

We are sounding the heights and depths of life when we utter the immemorial cry, classically voiced by Job, "O that I knew where I might find him!" This cry is not only the commencement of the approach to God, but also the beginning of God's answer. For God himself is the dynamic of all spiritual desire; and so the discovery of God is as sure as is the heart's demand for his presence. In fact, he is first of all discovered in the demand itself. We seek—we love, because he first loves and seeks us. This is the vital experience of religion, or mysticism. And the demand and the discovery may be quite real, even though inarticulate. As the *New York*

Tribune recently remarked editorially, "Religion is much nearer to all of us than we realize." It is—to adapt William Waston's revealing lines—

> The mystic [voice] that brings
> News from the inner court of things;
> The eternal courier dove whose wings
> Are never furled;
> [It is] the bubbling of the springs
> That feed the world.

It is, in the artesian figure of Jesus Christ, "a well of water springing up unto eternal life."

The theme of the present book is this artesian fact, or the immediate experience of God. For this experience, the one word, mysticism, will be used not infrequently. But a treatise on mysticism is in no way purposed. The word, in its historic sense, will be employed only as a basis of parallels and contrasts,—as something to which to react, pro and con. The author has not intended either a defense or a denunciation of the classical mystic experiences. He rather wishes to help show the way to find God now,—to indicate the vital method of the old-time and the all-time religion. If, however, it should appear that there is a new mysticism, and that the writer has assisted in saving the term for reputable and continued use, by relating it to the modern idea of God, then indeed he will be pleased that he has

had a part in the renaissance. To be sure, we can not get along without the essence of the fact called mysticism, although we can never continue to endure it as it has so often been experienced in the past. Yet here is a word with a most fundamental and fascinating definition: "Mysticism —the doctrine that man may attain through contemplation and love to an immediate consciousness of God." We shall certainly never outlive this first-hand need and satisfaction of the soul. But if this be mysticism, then there will be various types of mysticism, depending upon the type of God whom we contemplate and love. If our God is marching on, then our mysticism will be a communion with his adventuring will. But if our God is a great quiescence, then our mysticism will be only a pious meditation, unsmitten by the romance of forthputting love. To Jesus Christ, however, God is the loving World-Will of the kingdom of heaven, and mysticism is a creative communion. To Buddha (if there be a God), he is the eternal quietude and retirement of Nirvana, and mysticism is absorption and abstraction into his desireless rest. Mediæval mysticism was too much of this oriental type, with an amorous or erotic element not infrequently added. But the new mysticism must be more arduous than amorous, and more epic than erotic, and it must have an adequate earthly

objective. Its ideal must be neither a nerveless Nirvana nor a sesuous paradise, but a dynamic world of personal and social achievement. Its contemplation must be creative, and its love masterful for righteousness. If we are to find God where he truly finds us, we shall have to find him in vital and constructive interests, for he lives most truly in the concrete, courageous, and cooperating life of men. So religion is at once the most dauntless and the most democratic of adventures. God was in Christ reconciling the world, not repudiating it. The negative path is of Buddha, but not of Jesus. The new mysticism is not apart from, but is a part of, the normal functioning of the mind and of the life. Its illuminations strike fire in touch with the common processes of thought, feeling, and purpose, and in contact with the actualities of the struggling world. Its inspirations, intimations, insights are like flashes of inventive wisdom, rewarding real study and search for fresh ideas and new applications.

The book of Job not only asks the searching, exclamatory question, "O that I knew where I might find him!" but also supplies the satisfying answer, "There is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth him knowledge." This is the key to vital religion, or mysticism; and its reality is not pantheism, but personalism, for it

honors personality in man as in God. In this divine-human experience, the personal God meets the personal man in the temple of the human life, inspiring prayer, irradiating conscience, enkindling love, and energizing social adventure. It is the purpose of this book to show that real religion is not far to seek; that it is no more baffling than human longing and love; and that we are liable to miss it, not only because of our sin, but also because of our lack of simplicity. Paul calls the religious interest "the simplicity that is towards Christ." It is a matter of soul-perception, and soul-perception may be as natural and as valid as sense-perception. Sense-perception itself is indeed only the soul's report on material facts. But the soul is constituted above all to report on spiritual facts; and they are "closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

We find God in nature and history as a providence, by our interpretation; but the interpretation is not the real essence of religion, or of the mystic experience. And no interpretation can have deep meaning for our souls, unless we also find God in our own hearts as a Presence. God as "an inevitable inference" will never answer the demands of experimental religion. Only God as an inspirational and initiating power in our intuitions and in our wills can give us an original

and originative experience. Certainly we can not get out of God's world anything deeper than the insights of our own hearts. We find God in nature and history because nature and history find God in us. In other words, nature's meaning is understood and revealed only through human nature; and history becomes vital only as it repeats itself—with variations—and so renews itself with each new generation.

Some one has discerningly remarked, "If God is Spirit, and man is spirit, it is not absurd or improbable that there should be correspondence and communion between them. The strange thing is that we have correspondence with a world of matter, not that we have communion with a world of spiritual reality like our own inner nature. The thing that needs explanation is how we have commerce with earth and air and sea. The thing that seems natural is that we should have commerce with that which is likest ourselves."

If mysticism is to be restored to-day, it must not be by reversion, but by revision and renovation; and its experience of divine communion must eventuate in a vital expression of human efficiency. The spirit of the great renaissance, and of all the more modern rebirths must breathe through it. The great renaissance gave a new perspective and a new invigoration to life in this

world. Mysticism should have shared this awakening at the outset. Certainly the new mysticism must arouse the souls of the devout to-day alike to the fascination and to the chivalry of the common duty and the public trust. Abstraction, abnegation, resignation, renunciation, in seeking and serving God, are not of the genius of Christianity, and should have no place in vital religious experience, or mysticism. Yet Professor Hocking declares, "The effort of worship means the soul's power of detachment. . . . What the mystic reaches in terms of his world-conception is a zero." But if such a negative feat would not come perilously near making a man a nonentity, what would? A virile mysticism to-day, instead of reducing one's world-conception to a zero, will rather figure out a world-view that will make every great moment of life a zero-hour for leaving the preparation of the trenches to go over the top. It is a poor sainthood that only digs in, but never moves forward to some new strenuous objective. A resourceful sainthood will be strong for great action. And yet another modern writer, Dr. G. H. Morrison, declares that the mystic "must . . . withdraw into himself . . ., must learn to practice, whatever it cost him, the spiritual method of detachment . . ., must shut the gates . . .; and so in silence and alone and self-absorbed, shall he awaken to the fact of God."

But to many of us, such a pronouncement voices a vicious half-truth—although it may not express a complete error. Silence and retirement must be only the preparation of the trenches for coming action. The man of heart-religion today must function at the heart of the world and at the strategic points of its insistent need.

The new mysticism is the old religion brought down to date and up to the standard of Jesus Christ. It is neither oriental nor occidental,—it is both; and more. It is Christian and universal. It has to do with an ever operative and cooperative God, ministering and adventuring in the world where we are to live. So we are to find the contemporary God anew in our day, even as the prophets and Christ found him in their day.

The author has no desire to belittle the mediæval mystics. They were probably the pick of the people of their times. But God has picked us for new times; and he demands that we be serviceable saints according to our new light and leading. And that means that we must be constructive enough in our saintliness to enlighten and lead the world. The mediæval mystics often had a measure of light and leading within their own cults and communities; but they were communing largely with an other-worldly God, and were cultivating themselves mainly for an other-worldly heaven. Even of St. Teresa, William

James was led to say, "My own feeling in reading her life has been pity that so much vitality of soul should have found so poor employment."

Before devout men to-day can enlighten and lead the world, they must square themselves with the modern idea of God, and equate their thought with the new psychology,—albeit the kind that has a soul. Then they must relate themselves fully to the modern world, and be keen for the fulness of life in the growing kingdom of heaven, for which they are to supply the leaven and the dynamic.

We are told that the mystic must maintain "the attitude of mind that feels intensely the wonder and mystery of things." But what is so wonderful as the working will of God to the man who wills to do his will? To penetrate the mystery of that will, and to find its revelation in life, is the most marvelous and majestical experience. No emotional ecstasy can compare with it, and no passive quietude can approach it. Its joys are pervasive and enduring. There may be esthetic satisfactions "under the mystical stars of the dreamy East," but there can be no ethical or evangelical sublimity till we hitch the stars to the waking tasks of a wonder-working world. Dreamers we must always be, with valid visions for life; but dreamy we must never be, as visionaries lost among the stars. Our hearts must in-

deed be aroused with "the dreams that disturb contentment," but above all, they must be requisitioned by the dreams that descry and dare the creation of the new heaven and the new earth.

How foreign, then, to the genius of present-day religion are the following smug sentiments of Thomas à Kempis: "Take no pleasure in thy natural gifts or wit, lest thereby thou displease God"; "If thou wilt persevere in grace and grow therein, esteem thyself as a banished man upon earth"! Such an attitude to-day would certainly justify the soviet philosophy that "religion is an opiate." Religion must rather be epic enough to warrant the conviction of Felix Adler: "The object of religion is to rescue man from his insignificance, and to reveal to him his eternal self." And we may add, it must be dramatic enough to warrant Christ's assurance: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Mysticism," it has been recently remarked, "is the poetry of religion," and so it is. But as we have noted, both poetry and religion are more than matters of lyric beauty,—they are also concerns of epic adventure, and of dramatic interaction. So the virile modern mystic will live an epic life of personal achievement in harmony with the will of God, and a dramatic life of social interplay in stimulating and constructive contact with his fellowmen. Mysticism can not be finally masterful

until it becomes the impelling dynamic of the democratic drama of the world.

We fear the defeat of religion by those revolutionists in government who regard it as an opiate, and by those rationalists in science and philosophy who consider it as an illusion; but we should as well fear its undoing by those reactionaries in theology who esteem it as a fixed and static system, and by those ritualists in worship who evaluate it mainly in terms of forms and ceremonies, but do not feel its mighty pulse of power, nor forge its public policies for the transforming of contemporary life.

It hardly need be said that the new mystic is a real figure in the world to-day, and has been in every day. He is always doing the world's work, and doing it with God. He is an actual type, and a superior one to the reclusive and detached sort. So while holding this conviction, we are compelled to combat Professor Shortwell's conclusion, "Religion is our heritage; art and science are our achievement." Religion that is only a heritage can know nothing of a living God now. The past can supply us an example and show us the way, but we must work out our own religion and our own salvation. Religion is the highest and the finest of all high and fine arts, and it proceeds also by the scientific method of observation, hypothesis, and demonstration. In matters of

religion, we are indeed unspeakably thankful to those who found the findings of the past; and yet we know that, before these findings can avail anything peculiar and personal for us, we must refind them for ourselves,—and then we must essay the unfound and the undiscovered, and we must become fresh producers together with God. Certainly Christianity is not something mainly borrowed as a heritage from the past. Jesus intimated that the Christian experience is like an entire new suit of clothes, cut to order and custom-made from fresh materials. In this connection, it is interesting to recall that a man of not a little note has recently said, "The happiest day of my life was when I got a new suit of clothes of my own." Manhood blessedness, even in the religious realm, will also be like this boyish delight. Surely our own religion must be our own contemplation and love,—not an heirloom, but a present gift of life. Religion is inspired and acquired like education, and it is itself the higher education. Both have to be taught by others, but learned by ourselves. There is at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, a notable sculpture in memory of its former president, Alice Freeman Palmer. It is a parable of the book and the lamp. The kindly college mother stoops over one of her departing daughters, as she steps out into the world after her four years

of culture. One hand of the teacher is laid cheeringly on the girl's shoulder, while the other hand is outreached challengingly, urging to the opportunities and obligations of the commissioned life. As impressive as is the embodiment of her Alma Mater, is the figure of this girl herself. Behold her, as she goes out to service, bearing in her left hand a book, and in her right hand a lamp! The book of learning and the lamp of life! This daughter, blessed by the benignant mother, carries forth with her the heritage of other people's ideas and influence,—and that is a great beatitude; but, better still, she bears the illumination of her own renewed and inspired life,—and that is the supreme blessing. A fire has been kindled on the altar of her own soul. This is the surpassing gift of both education and religion,—and the two should always be one.

Chapter II

Finding God in and Through Our Own Personalities

Find God where he finds you: find him in your own personal life.

It was a transcendent moment in God's creative drama of evolution and of revelation, when "the first Adam became a living soul"—when the Almighty could now say, "Son of man, stand on thy feet!" There had been the immemorial candidacy for a human soul, through the long millenniums, but at last one adventuring line of the Lord's creatures had made its calling and election sure—and man was man, standing erect in the image of his Maker. Certainly in that beginning there was God. And there was more than a creation; there was more than a creature; there was God's child. The Maker of our bodies had become the Father of our spirits. The man who stood on his feet was not only created—he was begotten. In that hour mysticism was born. It was only a faint beginning to be sure, but from that moment man could increasingly commune with the world-will of God. He was crude and

brutish, and destined to remain brutish and crude for innumerable generations, but his moral and mystical career had begun. He was on his way. It was to be a long trek from brute to brother, from savage to saint, but the immortal urge was in the soul, and communion with the Over-Soul had had its dawning. Paul discerned this order of development when he wrote, "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterwards that which is spiritual."

In the cortex of the human brain, with its nearly ten billion cells, God has prepared a house of many mansions, ample enough to befit his lavish providence, and varied enough to furnish man with immeasurable opportunity to live, and to live aboundingly. How marvellous are this variety and capacity when compared with the insignificant amount of the grey matter involved! The bulk of the brain bears no interpretative relation to the wonder of human thought. We are informed that the cortex is only about a sixth of an inch thick; that if spread out on a flat surface, it would cover but a little over four square inches, and that if divested of blood-vessels and connective tissue, its mass would be less than a cubic inch. Be the man a savage or a Shakespeare, his brain equipment is substantially and numerically the same. The real difference is not essentially in the evolution of substance and number, but in

the involution of spiritual experience. It is the character of the personal tenant, in the physical tenement, that makes all the difference in the world. Personality functions through the brain, but it is not a function of the brain.

Still the brain is the most diversified and the most intensively palatial dwelling-place of which man has any knowledge. And this peerless home is the Father's birthday gift to every one of his children. Yet what is of supreme importance is not the manifoldness of the house, but the manhood of its occupant. It is the goal of that manhood to make every one of the almost ten thousand million rooms both a sanctuary of worship and a laboratory of service. Man has hardly more than begun to take possession of this many-mansioned home of the soul. How fascinating the challenge to find God in every room, and to function creatively with him in all this marvellously domiciled life of the spirit! But we should rejoice as well as marvel that we are so "fearfully and wonderfully made, and curiously wrought." When we awake to God's dayspring and to our birthright, we cannot fail to exclaim with the psalmist, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! Search me, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and lead me in the way everlasting!"

But God's thoughts and our thoughts are not

to be confounded. A true mysticism will never discount personality, but will exalt it. Communion with God must never mean confusion with God. A vital adoration of the Infinite Soul only accentuates the finite soul. We are to live, move and have *our* being in God. We are to find ourselves in him—not lose ourselves. The word "selfless" must have no place in the vocabulary of a disciple of the Christ who said, "Let *your* light shine." Adoration is not absorption into God, but attunement with God. No worthy human parent ever desires to suppress, or even to dominate the individuality of a child. We glory in the distinctive gifts and in the distinguishing attainments of our sons and daughters. So, too, the heavenly Father demands distinctive and distinguished children who can return his love in their own right, and who can work with him in the loving grace of their own initiative. Love is reciprocity and cooperation—man with God and God with man. This is the new mysticism. It must then be a fallacious mysticism which has recently declared, "There is no my or mine in the prayer of the spirit. Nothing avails but perfect docility." Certainly for me prayer must be *my* prayer, or I can not pray at all. Docility is teachableness, open-mindedness—but never obliteration of selfhood. It is indeed through prayer that a man discovers his deeper self. Docility must

never produce a blur in the mind, but must engender individual clarity of consciousness, as well as depth of devotion. Mysticism will be false to its task, if it makes personality less personal. What shall we say then of the experience of Madeline Semer, a modern mystic of the medieval type, of whom a reviewer of her diary has recently declared that she has given us "a record of mystical union with God,—of a dissolution of her personality in an overwhelming love"? But is love that dissolves personality, even in God, a desirable gift? What the true mystic seeks is not dissolution of personality, but more definite development. To be sure, the supreme attainment is to become less and less distinct from God in our likes and loves, and yet ourselves more and more distinctive in our own individual consciousness and in our personal communion. Religion is not only the life of God in the soul of man; it is also the life of man in the soul of God. What would it profit a man, as man, if he gained the whole world of the godhead, and lost his own soul, or life? In fact, nothing would be added to God, while everything human and individual would be taken away from man. Nothing could be more tragic than to lose one's own soul in seeking to find God. So the virile modern mystic can have but little sympathy with the sentiment of Eckhart,—"The ego dies away in the miracle of god-

hood, and in oneness with God, possesses no discrimination; the personal loses its name." We should rather seek to be of the cult of Paul who prayed that love might abound yet more and more in all discernment. The true attitude of worship is expressed by the psalmist, in exquisite balance and beauty, as he turns to God with the cry, "With thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall we see light." Paul tells us further that when man first began to worship he "became a living soul." Surely he will not become less than such a soul as he learns to worship more and better. He will rather, as the apostle also declares, attain the estate of a living soul who has become at length "a life-giving spirit." Yet a modern writer remarks, "We are not to realize self, but to glorify God"—as if either were possible alone. How can I as a person glorify God at all, unless I realize my own human life in distinction to his superhuman life? There can be no vital mutuality, no reciprocity, no society with either God or men, unless we as clean-cut individuals foregather in real communion. A true mysticism will never slight the sacredness of individuality; it will rather make it more precious and poignant. We should not sing about being "lost in wonder, love and praise," but about being found. Worship is not a blend, although it may be more than a bond. God has taken untold mil-

lenniums to bring into focus the individual soul, and to give it definition. Surely he will not dim and diffuse it as it mounts to its final splendor. God himself is the infinite *I Am*, and every man is a finite *I am*. The psalmist was a real mystic who could exclaim with each new day, "When I awake *I am*—still with thee!" And the revelator struck the same distinctive note of individuality in a rare metaphor, "To him that overcometh, to him will I give a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it."

With what high discernment is the fact of personal and historic religion celebrated in the quatrain of John Hall Wheelock:

> Life's flag advances on the starry way,
> And consciousness, still battling, still at bay,
> Holds the bright forts against oblivion—
> While answering thrills around the planet run!

And how expressively is the reality of personal religious experience enunciated in the following individual references in the gospels: "There came a man sent from God whose name was John"; "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church!" God sends us; but we must come. God builds civilization; but we are the living, individualized stones that are never

to lose their identity or initiative in the growing walls of the mystic temple.

Then there is no common mystic mould, and fellowship is a better word than solidarity. As professor Hocking has aptly said, "Every man is a connoisseur in judging religion." This could not be otherwise, since every man is a new combination of unit characters,—a fresh mosaic of chromatin and of consciousness. There are no duplicates; and we should do all in our power to preserve each his own type of personality, and so save his soul from disintegration, while cultivating all possible diversity of gifts.

So both evolution and revelation have for their supreme goal, not puppets created to be manipulated by nature or by God, but persons begotten to subdue nature, and to commune with God. However, we must have a care not to seek to exploit God for our own self-expression. That is the way of the ungodly which shall perish; for we find ourselves only in creative companionship with our heavenly Father and with our earthly brothers—only as we live and help live. Christ's development and attainment are our classical example. He grew to be himself in mind and body as he also "grew in favor with God and men." To put the truth in a paradox,—we are to lose self in order that we may find ourselves.

For this alluring quest—the discovery and de-

velopment of personality—Christ gives us the engaging watchword, "In your patience ye shall win your souls." So man not only has a soul to save, but an ever larger and better soul to find and win. In the ascent to this attainment, the modern mystic must be both unhasting and unresting—always unsatisfied; never dissatisfied; ever glorying in his divine unrest, in his "contented eagerness." The Christ who said, "Consider the lilies, how they *grow*," was telling us in lyric simile that the beauty of holiness can adorn that man only who *grows a soul*. We should turn from poetry into personality the sentiment of the modern lines:

> Our lives like lilies pure and white unfold;
> We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
> Time will reveal the chalices of gold.

The real mystic experience is the consciousness of this growing life in God. There is a legend to the effect that when the great mutation was about to appear, that when God was about to produce the living soul of man, he was approached by an attendant angel who whispered the advice that, as a finishing touch, the Almighty should add complete satisfaction; but that God answered, No: for then man would never discover his deeper self—he would never grow. Indeed the Maker's method justifies the discerning epigram of Brown-

ing, "A man's reach exceeds his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" We are to help create at least three heavens—the heaven beyond; the heaven we leave behind; and the heaven to go to heaven in.

The mystic soul is the whole soul, and there is no special mystical faculty. Intuition, intelligence, initiative, sentiment; all are operative in vital mysticism. The real mystic is the man who is conscious that the total dynamic of his life is but the functioning of God's presence and power in his personality. In thinking, feeling, and doing; in intellect, impulse, and will, he realizes that he lives and moves and has his being in God. This surely was the teaching of Jesus who said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." Here then is a problem for the plentitude of personality. Here is a practice that mere emotion and ecstasy cannot encompass. Here is an exercise that simply pious souls can never enjoy, for it demands the prophetic penetration as well as the priestly trust. This consciousness of the divine dynamic, along the whole gamut and scale of heart and thought and will is the real mystic experience. In this communion, both vital and voluntary, man finds God's manifestation and message, and discovers the "life within his life than self more

near, the veiled Presence, infinitely clear." To the new mystic, the infinite and eternal energy that pulses in his soul and proceeds to its final fulfilment through his selfhood and service, is but the urge and revelation of the personal God. Yet this energizing nearness never demands any person's absorption in God, but rather, as we have seen, his answer to God with all his heart, and mind, and strength.

The false conception of a special mystical or religious faculty, like the ear for music or the eye for color, has wrought much confusion. We find a writer recently remarking, "The research of the psychologist has made it clear that we cannot quote the 'inner voices' of mysticism in corroboration of our opinions about ultimate reality." But if the voice of mysticism is the total voice of the God-begotten and God-sustained soul; and if the voice of mysticism is also the voice of a man among men, realizing and releasing the divine dynamic in the actual contacts of nature and of society, then this voice of mysticism is the most vital and valid of all voices. In fact, the psychologist can never become more than a trifler and a dilettante in the domain of the soul, unless he discerns and charts this ampler life of the adoring and adventuring spirit. The psychologist, like the mystic, must reckon with the totality of consciousness, and above all, he must not fail to reach

to its nobler meanings. We have had too much "psychology without a soul." Little wonder then that some men should think that they can content themselves with "religion without a God." And for this poverty the mysticism of the past has been not a little to blame, since it has partitioned life and set religion outside the range of man's normal functions and apart from the experience of common reality. We must in the future have neither an academic psychology nor a cloistered religion. Both must be open and operative along the whole reach of reality. Religion has nothing to fear from a psychology that reckons with the total fact of the soul; and psychology has nothing to dread from a religion whose temple is the modern universe, and whose talisman is not magic, but mastery of the deeper dynamic of life.

Only in the marvellous domain of religious psychology can we realize the essence and extension of personality. As Professor Cooley declares, "Religion is the expansion of the soul into the sense of a greater Life." This, too, was the conviction of William James—that our human lives are coterminous and continuous with a Wider Self whose saving presence endows and enriches us. And even John Dewey asserts that that religion is real by which "we are sustained and expanded in feebleness and failure by the sense of an envelop-

ing Whole." But Mrs. Browning surpasses them all as she chants,

> And the little birds sang east,
> And the little birds sang west;
> And I smiled to think God's greatness
> Flowed around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness his rest.

While the pantheist would obliterate man by absorption into God, the materialist would resolve all mind into mud, and all consciousness into physics and chemistry. Wherever personality loses itself in God or sinks itself in nature, the tragedy is equally fatal,—or rather would be if the illusion were ever entirely successful. However, the plain fact of consciousness is its own vindication, while its lowly earthly origin on the one hand and its exalted inspirations on the other prove, in turn, that human nature has grown out of material nature and also entirely outgrown it. Let all schools be just with one another. It is not fair to reason nor to religion for any scientist to say, "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." Neither is it fair to science for any religionist to say, "The mind secretes the body as a crustacean secretes its shell." And yet these are actual quotations, each as illogical as it is churlish. It is only shallow smartness that makes such sweeping assertions. What we

need to do is honestly to acknowledge the sweep of all facts and of all experiences. Then indeed the supreme and inescapable acknowledgment will be that the ego is a final epic fact. Self-consciousness is the soul's own verification. The proof of the validity of its experience is its own affair, and is always essentially above and beyond the mere determinism of matter. How can any man in justice to logic or to life confront the wonder of human thinking or the spirituality of human worship, and yet do less than confess that the sovereignty of the human spirit is a kingdom from above! But on the other hand, the religious devotee should not blush to concede that even the human life may be a mutation sprung from forms below, and that all consciousness is sustained in a thousand ways by physical and chemical forces.

Still, it is more vicious to interpret self-consciousness in terms of our reflexes, than, for example, to interpret digestion in terms of the conscious will. Memory, again, may enjoy a physical basis in the fold of Broca, but the man who remembers actually lives and moves and has his being in a spirit world. Imagination may involve the functioning of other brain folds, but the man who imagines mounts to the creative realm of the artist. Spirit is the free and final fact in life. Machines do not meditate. Secre-

tions do not pray. Chemistry does not commune with God. Our reflexes and our reason have no common denominator.

Still there are some who say that our memories are all the self that we have. Yet without the self-conscious spirit, memory would be but a book with no reader, and even science itself would be but a scroll with no one to scrutinize it. A prominent professor has lately remarked, "There is no separate knower who knows." True: but there is an inseparable knower who knows along all the range of our thinking. Self-consciousness is the one inalienable, interpenetrating, and interpreting fact of our human lives; and it is too axiomatic to need any demonstration except its own self-evidence.

It requires no elaboration of philosophy and no subtilty of psychology to assert this fact of the soul; for such an assertion simply says,—There is a thinker who thinks; there is an observer who observes; there is a knower who knows; there is a lover who loves; and there is a worshipper who worships. The mind may root itself in mud, as the lily roots in muck,—yet lily is lily and mind is mind, and they are each essentially and everlastingly of a higher kingdom. Not brawn or brain, but reason; not chemistry, but conscience; not electric force, but conscious will is alike the end of evolution and the sanc-

tuary of revelation,—the crowning experience of life and its final explanation.

The mystic's supreme concern is the positive grace of living, and the conquest of its flying goals. He is wonderfully and fearfully in the making. But his divine unrest must never become a distressful unrest. He must learn to confess with Burbank, "I have worked and climbed, but the destination is not nearly so glorious as the journey." He must experience the illumination that led Stevenson to exclaim, "What a strange picture we make on the way to our chimeras! Indefatigable, adventurous pioneers, soon, soon, we think we shall come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and descry against the setting sun the spires of El Dorado. Little do we know our own happiness; for to travel contentedly is better than to arrive."

We need only to add this emendation: that to travel contentedly—and confidently—is constantly to arrive. Certainly we must not forget that it is in our patience—not in our impatience—that we are to win our souls and our goals. The man with the mystic urge of perfection in his heart, and with the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ before his eyes, will know where he is going, and he will learn to go both eagerly and happily. He only is the virile mystic who maintains this precious balance of peace in

pursuit—of rest in quest. His is the delectable consciousness that in his personality he is at once a momentous being and a measureless becoming. And he will know that the chief value of a future is to get a present out of it. He will find the present uses of immortality, and will realize the dynamic of his own indissoluble life.

It is the birthright of us all to go from grace to grace, and from character to character, as "each new temple, nobler than the last, [lifts us to] heaven with a dome more vast." It is not only our right but our requisition to rejoice with Holmes in the "more stately mansions," and to revel with Markham in the wonder of the high adventure which he has so finely phrased:

The rise of man is endless; be in hope;
All stars are gathered in his horoscope:
The brute man of the planet—he will pass,
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;
And from this quaking pulp of life shall rise
The superman, child of the higher skies;
Immortal, he will break the ancient bars,
Laugh and reach out his hand among the stars.

Chapter III

Finding God in the Interaction of the Conscious and the Subconscious Mind

Find God where he finds you: find him in the interaction of your conscious and subconscious mind.

In our waking hours, the conscious mind is like the focus of vision, while the subconscious mind is like the field of vision—out of focus and fading away through the blurred to the invisible. In general, the conscious mind is the voluntary mind, and the subconscious is the involuntary. The conscious mind is the deliberating and self-directing mind. It is the domain of ordered thinking, and of choice and initiative. The subconscious mind is the automatic mind. It is the domain of the unthinking impulses, of the instinctive urges, of the reflexes, the memories and the habits of life, and of their undeliberated recombinations. Then the conscious mind is the self-mastered mind, while the subconscious is the mechanical and the mediumistic mind. However, the subconscious mind is not only a storehouse, but also a workshop—a storehouse of all

past inheritances and impressions, and a workshop in which the numberless units of instinct and of memory are forever being rearranged, as it were, in new mosaics—some wonderfully exact and mathematical, and others cast in the grotesquery of our night visions. Strange to say, the subconscious is at once the sphere of both clockwork and dream-work. But there is a method in its madness as well as in its mathematics. The subconscious is nowhere without its own law and logic, although it is everywhere without self-controlled light and leading. Again, the subconscious is the vast substratum of life, while the conscious mind is as it were the mountain peaks that uplift themselves to the sun. These mountain peaks of the conscious mind are the thrust of individuality; they alone are the spirit coming to its distinctive selfhood and reaching up to its own self-expression. And here only, in this outcropping, conscious realm, man in his own right reaches up to God, and in his patience wins his soul.

But what has all this to do with mysticism? And where does the mystic experience come in? Should we not relegate mysticism to the subconscious, as has been quite the fashion? But is it in accordance with the facts to locate the mystic inspirations in the under self? Should we associate the higher mainly with the lower? If

mysticism is not to be confused with either mystification or mechanics, must it not find its true place of privilege largely in our upper consciousness—not in the realm of clock-work or of dream-work, not in the realm of the involuntary and the instinctive; but rather in the realm of the intelligent and initiating mind? It must be that where the human mind is at its highest and best, in the conscious will, there inspiration will also be at its best and highest, and the mystic experience most vital and creative. It must be in his conscious self, in the domain of his life where he has lifted himself most above the brute, that man will also be most in touch with God. That which is most godlike in man is his ability to think, and his will to act, and above all, his will to love. And these experiences are conscious.

The subconscious has been depicted in strangely differing lights and shades. To one school, it is the very home of God; while to another, it is the abode of the devil himself. But in fact, the subconscious is the province neither of total divinity nor of total depravity. It is indeed a twilight zone of the potentially good, bad, and indifferent.

The conscious mind is our waking mind; and our waking mind is certainly our worshipping mind, as well as our thinking mind. How could the sphere of religion par excellence be other than the thoughtful spirit? If mysticism is at its best

in conscious adoration and adventure, then by the same token its supreme realizations must rise immeasurably above the subconscious. The best point of contact between the divine and the human is ever the human best. It was said of the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, that only when they were fully awake did they behold Christ's glory. In fact, all our loftier aspirations come not in our sleep, but rather when our waking thoughts are bright with God's praise, or eager with his work. The conscious self is the final peak of human evolution that catches the earliest and the latest inspirations of the sun, and is nearest the sky. Indeed, the conscious self is the daylight self, while the subconscious self is the twilight and midnight self. To be sure, God giveth his beloved sleep, and he giveth to his beloved in their sleep; but still the surpassing gifts of his grace are not thus simply passed out to men in their passivity, but are rather offered to them in the waking quest of truth and life. Twilight or midnight magic has but little worth without the control and coherency of daylight mastery. What is not purposefully learned or earned never greatly inspires or disciplines character. Paul, who had himself explored the third heaven of incoherent tongues, came back to his conscious senses only to cry, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light!"

But we must not disparage the subconscious, for there is a world of dynamic in its depths. What needs to be said is that it is the cultivated subconscious that counts for character—good or bad. And the cultivated subconscious is largely a conscious creation. The higher religious experience has always involved purpose, commitment, consecration. It is only in our wide-awake intuitions and in our voluntary decisions that we find God supremely. This is the glory of the new mysticism. It cannot be too strongly stressed that the problem of divine guidance is not chiefly one of subconscious manipulation, but rather one of conscious illumination and leading. What shibboleth of introspective psychology can match the watchword of the Bible, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths"? We must consciously walk in the light as God is in the light, if we would really see light, and know the mystic fellowship. Christ never talked about dreamland visions, but he did declare, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Do you think that he would ever have called the light of life subconscious?

Yet the whole of our subconscious life is always in *union* with God, although it is only the upreach of our consciousness that can be in actual *communion* with him. Let it be repeated: the

most direct way to the heart of reality is through the highest and best in man. We must ascend to the heights of finite reason, if we would learn the infinite reason; we must find the high places of finite conscience, if we would touch the infinite conscience; we must rise to the best of human love, if we would experience the divine love; and we must adventure to the moral limit of our human wills, if we would test supremely the dynamic of the divine will. And in all this, we but discover what God reveals, as we thus consciously cooperate with the divinity that shapes our ends. Paul, like Christ, found the sphere of revelation in the world-will of God and in the conscious will of man; and so he gave us the pragmatic formula, "Work out your own salvation, for it is God who worketh in you, both to will and to do for his good pleasure." It is indeed man's voluntary moral experience that is God's higher sanctuary of revelation. The subconscious can only *submit* to the law of God; but the conscious self can *subscribe* to his will. Thus it is not submission but subscription that is the test of Christian mysticism. This accords with the dictum of John Dewey, "Only deliberate action is moral." We simply add, And only deliberate action is religious. There is no virtue in being a lay-figure. And yet Madame Guyon confesses, with seeming satisfaction, that

she is moved like an automaton without her own volition or direction, and feels herself borne along effortlessly on the current of the divine will—without her own personal will or choice. Such an experience reduces mysticism to hardly more than mere mechanism and meaningless emotion. It makes religion an intoxication, and not an inspiration.

However, inspiration must be fresh every morning and new every night. To be sure, past morality and religion leave their deposits and predilections in the subconscious; but they are by no means present-day inspirations, unless we freshly ratify and reassert them. Only election gives deep meaning to predilection. To rest on one's reserves alone is to relinquish the present practice of the presence of God, and to die to all continuing insight and initiative. The man who falls back on the morality and religion of the subconscious only is already a spent force, or at best a storage battery wasting to early exhaustion. The subconscious cannot long have any moral meaning or religious ministry unless we voluntarily and constantly re-charge it with inspired thought and purpose.

Hence the need for great spiritual decision and awakening in the climax and crisis of adolescence, even after the most gracious nurture of childhood; for the advent of manhood demands a twice-born

man. And hence again the need for great spiritual decision and awakening in the later crisis of mid-manhood, even after the tenor of many orderly years; for the advent of mid-manhood demands a thrice-born man.

Those who think of the dynamic of life as lying in the subconscious, must still realize that all distinctive dominance of character lives in the higher consciousness. So the value of the subconscious depends largely upon how well we deliberately educate its habits, enrich its memories, and choose and harness its teeming impulses to inspired and thoughtful ideals of life. Ancient and primitive thought was undirected and cast in images and dreams. But high modern thought is directed thought, and it is more and more cast in words, which give point to its picturesqueness. So, too, modern religious experience must become articulate and definite. It should also find vivid literary expression, and thus be taken out of the realm of trance and dream and vagary, and lifted into the realm of detailed ethical ideas, and of definable plans and programs for life.

But some one will remark that all genius at least is subconscious. Yes; it is subconscious capacity—not subconscious attainment. And unless it is indeed capacity for hard work, even genius can produce only inefficient giants. Poets may be born, not made; but great poetry never

comes by the first birth alone. It comes through a rebirth of latent gifts, awakened by some kindling grace of consciously inspired life. It is never produced by mere automatic writing, like that of Patience Worth. The poet is neither a manufacturer nor a magician, but a man of instinctive gifts, touched by the conscious fire from above.

Suppose a great natural musician should only improvize, or a great natural speaker only extemporize. Then, in either case, the outpouring would be but a cheap intoxication at the best (or at the worst), and not an inspiration at all. Even a spontaneous technique has to be industriously acquired. It is only as we will to do that we greatly learn—whether we are seeking lovingly to follow God's personal will, or only formally to obey his law.

Yet Dr. Cutten remarks in his generally illuminating book, "In revelation, inspiration, and in other ways, the subconscious has the major part to perform." To be sure, in submerged bulk it is larger than the conscious mind; but still the emergent, voluntary soul alone gives individuality and personal worth to our religious illuminations and to our mystic insights. For the modern mystic to major on the subconscious would be a fatal blunder since it would be majoring on the automatic and the mechanistic rather than on the

thoughtful and the purposeful in life. And then, if we were really to major on the subconscious in any vital personal way, it would have to be through autosuggestion—and is not all such suggestion accomplished mainly by the attention and action of the conscious mind itself? Autosuggestions have to be consciously and deliberately sent down by the higher mind into the subconscious. However, to have to spend the major part of one's time or effort in such exercises would be like being forced to pay more attention to tinkering one's automobile than to operating it on the road. It would involve too much interference and too little initiative.

This same error of making the subconscious the main organ of inspiration is perpetuated by a preacher recently reported in a leading New England journal, who declares, "In the deep regions of the soul, which lie below the level of consciousness, the spirit of man comes into contact with the great creative Spirit of the universe. . . . Properly speaking the subconscious is the real psyche. . . . Character is in the subconscious self. . . . It is endowed with powers which seem well-nigh miraculous." To be sure, these statements may not be largely erroneous in themselves, but their emphasis is wrong. This writer also majors on the subconscious, rather than on the conscious, in inspiration. Then is it true that individual char-

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acter is in the subconscious self, save as the conscious individual himself puts it there; or at least, save as he consciously accepts and certifies those characteristics which he prefers to have and to hold there? Why does a baby have only a nature, while an adult has a character? Is it not because nature is inherited through the subconscious, while character is acquired through the conscious mind? Thus, inherited nature becomes a kind of first-hand environment to the individual life that grows up within it and out of it. We obtain a nature; we attain a character. We attain our real, voluntary and creative selves only as we choose among our multitudinous impulses, fashion our selected habits, and so rise on stepping stones of our living subconscious selves to the higher life of divine inspiration, human self-control, and social achievement. Thus it is not the current of consciousness, but the voluntary direction of consciousness that makes man consummately man, and also allies him with the divine. Some one has rightly said that "horse-power under the hood is not as important as horse-sense behind the wheel." And so subconscious power at the bottom of the mind is not as important as conscious will at the top of the soul.

In our day, the school of psychoanalysis has sought to exploit the subconscious and to exorcise its demons. The present writer is of the opinion

that this cult combines about fifty per cent fad and fifty per cent fact, or half noonday sense and half nocturnal nonsense. He is altogether sure that its prevailing barnyard psychology is measurably untrue and immeasurably unfortunate; that it is more mischievous than the old theology of depravity, and that its adoption would but revive the worst feature of mediæval mysticism, rather than restore the true mystic accent on the expulsive power of new affection. Yet if "catharsis" can be made a searching, and not merely a salacious, confession of sin, and "sublimation" a veritable self-control and consecration,—then to that extent psychoanalysis may be a handmaid of religion.

If we are to call spirits from the vasty deep of the subconscious, we shall do well largely to neglect the demons, and instead to summon the better angels of our nature. Still we are not to try to forget the evil, nor are we to fear it, or over much to fight it; we should rather face it with faith, and so overcome the evil with the good,—for where sin abounds grace doth much more abound.

There is a real danger that we may be so afraid of "repression" as to neglect restraint. However, restraint need never produce repression. Impulse can be morally and religiously restricted without dissociation of consciousness. In fact, such restraining control is a part of the higher unity

through the mastery of self-consciousness. When we voluntarily put the ban on some wayward instinct or passion, neither need we timidly seek to forget it, nor need we cringe before it; but we should integrate and knit up its fractional insecurity with the total sanity and strength of the mind.

Does not psychoanalysis virtually revive the doctrine of original sin under the guise of original sex? In lieu of total depravity, we are taught the total diffusion of the sex complexes throughout the subconscious. But this is a naïve interpretation of human nature, at once too simple and too circumscribed. Psychoanalysis herein fails signally to regard the range and richness of human impulse. Indeed the "urges" are not reducible to one, or two, or three, or even four. They are many and mixed; are like an interlocking directorate, and usually require a majority vote. It is certainly a "vicious simplification" to isolate the sex urge, and treat it as an autocrat. It is, however, recognized that dissociation of consciousness, split personality, and alternating personality are occasional occurrences. Yet such cleavage is not essentially nor necessarily conditioned by sex. The unity of the mind may be broken by widely different causes, or by the interaction of various causes.

It is further the merest presumption to claim

that the phenomena of religious experience and of mysticism are sex functions. In fact, the under-sexed are quite as devotional as the over-sexed; the eunuch is often very devout, and the agnostic not infrequently very amorous. Then the periods of childhood and of old age are as frequently and as interestedly religious as are the adolescent and mid-manhood years of sex virility. Of course sex adds its color. However, it is entirely gratuitous to assert sex-control in religious experience.

But the most vicious phase of psychoanalysis is its dogma of subconscious determinism; for it regards the "fixations" of childhood as a fate that largely fixes us for life. It minimizes conscious moral control, while it makes impulsive domination the one maximum and imperious fact. Thus the subconscious is master, and men are but mechanical toys. But our religion gives us the right emphasis, as for example, in the proverb of Israel, "Man's spirit is the lamp of the Lord, searching all the chambers of his soul," and in the adoring prayer of the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" Faith is master of fate, and destiny is to be fixed only by our choice.

If we like to think of the subconscious in terms of engine-room dynamics, even then we must picture the conscious soul, as it were, in the figure of the captain on the bridge, thoughtfully shaping

his course by chart and compass, and sending his orders down to the stokers below. The higher insight and initiative always belong to the man on the bridge.

Of course the conscious self is a late arrival—and it is still forever arriving. The conscious self is a superstructure in personal evolution; but it is just this super-attainment in man that lifts him above the brute, and above the brute-man as well, and makes him the superman indeed, who can "laugh and reach out his hand among the stars."

The most recent prophet of the subconscious, whose name and formula have been on all lips, is Emile Coué. But strange and confusing to say, while with one breath he scorns the will and exalts the imagination, with the next breath he really hails the will as the master of the imagination. In fact, his very title, "Self-mastery through Conscious Autosuggestion," virtually puts the will at the top of his scheme. Is it consistent, then, that he declares, "Our actions spring not from our wills, but from our imagination"? Of course they spring from both. And so Coué has to go on to say later and rightly in his book: "We only cease to be puppets, when we *learn to guide* our imagination. . . . We can control and lead our imagination. . . . The means is autosuggestion." And then he proceeds to give his voluntary method for applying "conscious autosuggestion," and so

securing "self-mastery" of the subconscious. Thus he really summons the captain to the bridge and sets him to directing the forces of the subliminal self in the engine-room below.

The will works in two ways: first, it controls voluntary acts or functions by its directly executed orders—as in the conscious quickening of one's breathing; and second, the will affects involuntary acts or functions through the attention by which it stimulates and guides imagination and suggestion, as in the various mental treatments for insomnia, indigestion, or headache. Wherever there is conscious guidance of imagination or of suggestion to some desired end or action, there is a real exercise of the will, an exercise as real, for instance, as that employed in ordering one's words in an extemporaneous speech. Thus it is the will that acts in all desire and attention, and thereby builds up coveted attitudes of imagination and of suggestion.

For the final word we turn to the apostle Paul. He tells us, in arresting phrase, that we must be transformed by the renewing of our minds, but also that the mastery is wrought only when we present our bodies as living sacrifices through the offering of our reasonable spirits. He does not prescribe passivity, but enjoins us to *prove* what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Paul has both the right psychology and the genu-

ine psychotherapy, for he challenges us again with the kindling appeal: Whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, gracious—*think* on these things; *do* these things—and the God of peace shall be with you. . . . In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.

Chapter IV

Finding God in "The Beyond That is Within": Immanence and Transcendence

Find God where he finds you: find him in the Beyond that is within the soul.

God as the Father of the human spirit is a more transcendent fact than God as the Creator of all outward worlds. The immanent God whom we know immediately and intuitively is the transcendent God himself. So in the experience of the mystic, the immanent God and the transcendent God are never separated. God is both more immanent and more transcendent in human consciousness than he is in all nature besides. To be sure, there may be higher intelligences in other worlds, who transcend our experience, but that can in no wise make our experience less valid. In all worlds alike, the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity reaches the heights of his revelation in the contrite and courageous heart, and in the adoring and achieving society.

For the soul of man, God's transcendence is not dimensional, but dynamic; not planetary, but

personal. The heavens declare the glory of God —but only to the communing spirit. As already noted, we find God in nature because nature finds God in us. Heaven and earth can not contain him, but the heart of man can know him. No one has ever expressed this experience more luminously than has Edna St. Vincent Millay in the climax of her remarkable poem, "Renascence":

> The world stands out on either side,
> No wider than the heart is wide;
> Above the world is stretched the sky,
> No higher than the soul is high.
> The heart can push the sea and land
> Farther away on either hand;
> The soul can split the sky in two,
> And let the face of God shine through;
> But east and west will pinch the heart
> That cannot keep them pushed apart;
> And he whose soul is flat—the sky
> Will cave in on him by and by.

So it is the most transcendent God himself who is immanent in the human soul. Even the supernatural is not a spatial, but a psychological fact; and then it is not a matter of extraneous magic, but of mastery in the experience of the mind. The supernatural is not supremely in "the firemist and the planet," but in "the face turned from the clod." To Elijah the earthquake and the whirlwind would have had no soul-stirring

meaning, if it had not been for the still small voice. Consciousness is the real sanctuary of the supernatural; and conscience is its court.

Then, without the sense of God's presence, the universe is but a bleak and empty house. The supreme experience is to find God as host, and so worship and love him in the spiritualized and hospitable temple of his world. The cattle feeding in the Yosemite valley know neither worship nor wonder. It is only the transcendent gift of adoration that makes the world marvellous to man. Man looks up unto the hills in wonder, because he can look above and beyond the hills in worship. So the cosmos is the Father's house of many mansions. To the human soul, God's "dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air," only because his spirit is still more deeply interfused within the heart of man. Not long since a woman friend said to the writer: "I was a Christian for two weeks once. It was when I was in the Yosemite. There my heart was continually crying out, 'The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him!' " But the real Yosemite was in her own soul. Deep was calling unto deep at the sound of the waterfalls, because there was a transcendent deep in the worshipping spirit of a good woman, that made wonder glorious. "Through God to nature" is a better formula than

"Through nature to God." Human nature is the holy of holies in the temple of deity.

There has recently appeared a book on "Humanism" and the "Religion of the Social Passion" which gives us a new pantheism, perhaps, but not a new mysticism. Here is the gist of the book, as the present writer discerns it: There is no superhumanity—no supernatural—no infinite. God is altogether human, and he is not complete. Humanity itself is the only divine life,—the human God. The whole of the human life,—this is God. We even pray only to the spiritual universe of humanity's interblended life. So there is no God who is Other than ourselves. There is only the God who is constituted in humanity's interblended life.

Certainly there is in this "Humanism," no God in whom we live and move and have our being, no God who is the Beyond, either without or within. There is no God whose greatness flows around or within our incompleteness, and whose rest encompasseth our restlessness. If humanity's interblended life is the only deity, then why speak of deity at all? A deity as limited as ourselves would be no real divinity for the shaping of our ends. What is "humanity's interblended life"? At base, it is the one blood of which we are made to dwell on all the face of the earth. And it is, perhaps, the one subconscious life of

the race. Then, humanity's interblended life is to be the conscious fellowship of men and nations in the coming future. But these facts are not God, and no stretch of imagination can make them God. All these aspects and attainments of humanity are finite and fragmentary, and only the presence of a real God, in all and over all blessed forever, can give them meaning and majesty and religion. No cross-section of human life, no continuity of human life, and no consummation of human life can constitute God. Even if humanity were a composite personality (which is not yet proved), that personality would not be God,—certainly not the Christian God. Such humanism leaves us in a lonely universe, with the universal eliminated. Such humanism takes away the Great Companion of the human race, so that there remains no God and Father of us all, in whose light we see light, and whom we love because he first loved us. A man may believe in "humanism" if he must; but he may not, and must not call it Christianity; and he surely can not confine within its limits the God whom Jesus saw and whom he adored when he cried, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth!"

Some of us as children were made to recite: "One impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man, of moral evil and of good, than all

the sages can." But is it true? Indeed there would be for us no illuminating impulse at all in any vernal wood on earth, if God did not first put the genius of both poetic and spiritual sagacity into the soul, even of the child. We know that color and music are of the human eye and ear, even as wonder and worship are of the human heart. But all the world is not a Yosemite, or a vernal wood, and all the universe is not a palace of delight. The significance of the house inheres above all in the host. As the presence of a lovely character gives distinction to a very ordinary home, so the consciousness of a perfectly good God makes glorious our imperfect world. There may be great worship even in a rude church; and so there may be great visions and many voices of the Spirit in the crude temple of evolving nature. It matters comparatively little how dreadful or how beautiful be the outward place, provided only we are able to cry with awakening Jacob, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." It matters little, although we stand amid the earthquake and the storm, provided only we listen with Elijah, until even Sinai becomes an amiable tabernacle, since there we hear "the deeper voice across the storm, and fall upon the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." Nature is the sanctuary of the soul—it is not the sacrament.

The sacrament is our creative communion with the world-will of God. Then as nature is not final, so also it is not finished. For us God's outward creation, like our inner experience, may be only in the early stages of evolution. Still it means wonders to us that God has built the Yosemites to balance the Saharas.

Paul visualizes all nature as expectantly "awaiting the revealing of the sons of God." The figure is that of a spectator on a street corner, eagerly looking and longing for the coming of some transporting pageantry. The transporting and transforming pageantry which Paul envisions is the sacramental host of God's adventuring children who are more than conquerors through him who loved them. At their transcendent touch, the groaning and travailing creation is to be renewed, until all things work together for good.

The real greatness of God is not to be found in cosmic diameters, but in the dynamic of human consciousness. Stellar glory is but a faint suggestion of soul glory; and it is at best only our tutor to bring us to the court of spiritual truth where the divine and the human meet in ourselves. Man's thought is far vaster than the universe, and its processes are immeasurably more swift and wonderful. Man's thought has all the range of memory, of history, of imagination, and of prophecy. It can compass in a single moment

what it has taken millenniums to evolve. The thought of a single moment can measure its more-than-electric flight into two eternities. It can pass from the vision of primeval chaos before the morning stars sang together, to the vision of eternal life beyond the illimitable horizon of immortality.

I have ridden the wind, I have ridden the stars,
  I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent through the firmament,
  As each to each allies;
And everywhere that a thought may dare
  To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
  Where just beyond lies God.

The poet Rice had found the elusive, but inescapable God,—elusive in the material universe, but inescapable in the soul of man. He had discovered that while God is gloriously beyond nature, he is perceived supremely in and through human nature. He was a mystic, realizing that the extensive sweep of the soul's outward discernment is but an inconsiderable fact, when compared with the intensive experience of the heart.

It is indeed wonderful that man's imagination can span the millenniums; but it is vastly more wonderful that man's intuition can sound the height and depth, and can know the love of God which passeth knowledge. It is most wonderful

of all that man's creative communion with the good will of God can transform the human soul in masterful goodness, and can fashion anew the human society in reverence, righteousness, and love.

If what has just been portrayed is the true mysticism, then how wretchedly has it been caricatured! A modern religious writer remarks, "To reach a [rational] faith, we cannot turn our backs on knowledge and science, and revert again to mysticism." However, what we are seeking is not a reversion, but rather a conversion of both materialistic science and of mediæval mysticism. Science should be reverent, and mysticism must be reasonable. Experiment and experience must meet together, and physics and psychology must kiss each other. Certainly the infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed need have no quarrel with the infinite and eternal Presence in whom we all live and move and have our being. Science may not often stop to call the energy personal, but neither must it pause to call the Presence impersonal. As Professor Santayana has well said, we should live in the world spiritually while seeking to master it scientifically. Religion preceded science, and it will not perish, even if science halts. But neither will halt. Rather will each interpenetrate and interpret the other.

Many a scientist, who will not make a declara-

tion of formal faith, will yet delight in mystical worship. The writer has rejoiced for years in the friendship of such a man, now professor of genetics in a leading American university, and enjoying a world-wide reputation in his department of biology. He writes relative to the main sentiment of these chapters, "Your thought fits beautifully into my own religious conceptions. I am thankful that you have such an opportunity to spread this gospel among men. But it makes me sad to see the resurgence of the old antagonism between science and religion, when they ought properly to be handmaidens."

In his classroom, the scientist is not obliged to be a teacher of even mystical religion. But he will no doubt increasingly acknowledge the part of real religion in his life, and in his confession, too, if we approach him devotionally and not dogmatically. A true mysticism, because of its experimental and adventuring spirit, should indeed find a congenial running-mate in an inquisitive and advancing modern science. But a static mysticism can no more find fellowship anywhere to-day than can a dogmatic theology, or even a dogmatic science.

It would be untrue to assume that many scientists are even agnostic. It is surely not true that more than a negligible minority are atheistic. Professor Robert A. Millikan, recently of the

department of physics in the University of Chicago, has lately asserted, "It is to me unthinkable that a real atheist should exist at all. . . . Every man who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence, must also recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, a Being, in whom and because of whom he himself lives. . . . I use the word God to describe the mystery which is behind existence and that gives meaning to it. . . . I have never known a thinking man who did not [thus] believe in God."

Another giant mind among scientists of our day, Michael Pupin, professor of Electro-Mechanics in Columbia University, standing not long since in the pulpit of one of our leading churches, told of a young woman who a little before had said to him, "Do you, a scientific man, believe that there is a God?" "No," answered Professor Pupin, "I do not believe that there is a God: I *know* that there is a God, and it is the only knowledge that I have that is worth anything." This testimony of a scientist, with all his senses functioning at their fullest and best, is not essentially different from that of the little unschooled child, Helen Keller, with her senses so largely dead, and her soul thus buried from the wonder world of nature, who yet found the deeper wonder world of worship, and answered, when Miss

Sullivan, her teacher, first told her about God, "Yes, I know him; he speaks to me." Both the master scientist and the little maid had experienced the Beyond that is within, and hence discovered that reality in the soul itself which carries one beyond all outward worlds to the heart of God.

As we have seen, it is only a mere scrap of God's mastery that is mobilized on the material map. His transcendent mastery mobilizes in the mind of man. We should have a puerile God indeed, if he were not versatile enough to visit and vitalize every human soul, as well as efficient enough to sustain the routine of outward nature. We may well turn to Martineau for a classical phrasing of this truth: "God is infinite, and the laws of nature do not exhaust his agency. There is a boundless residue of disengaged faculty beyond. Behind and amid all these punctualities of natural law, abides in infinite remainder the living and unpledged Spirit of God. Here he has no formal rule, only the everlasting rule of holiness; and no pledge but the pledge of inextinguishable love. He can keep faith with the universe, and yet knock at the gate of every lonely heart."

Nature is only a minor fraction of the creative adventure of the Almighty. The physical world is but the fringe of his royal domain. The heart

and glory of the land of promise are the personal experience. Psychology is the ultimate arena of the divine action and of the endless initiative of the infinite God. And then every man has not only a soul to save, but a larger and ever larger soul to find and win,—albeit he must find it and win it in giving it away. Like immortal love, life can be forever full, only as it is forever flowing free; it can be forever whole, only as it is forever shared.

So both the deist, who puts God largely outside our human world, and the pantheist, who sinks him altogether in our world, must pass, in order to make way for the personalist, or the mystic. To the deist, God is a philosophical dogma, an infinite inference. To the pantheist, God is only a composite photograph, a summation, but not a Somebody—at best a personnel, but not a Personality. To the personalist, God is both the Over-Soul and the Great Companion of the human spirit; so that the mystic experience is ever a possession, and always a pursuit. The deist loses God in the heights. The pantheist loses God in man. The personalist finds God in man, and man in God. To him God is neither an infinite inference nor a finite immanence, but a transcendent Presence, at once the Father of his spirit and the Lord of heaven and earth. Such was the luminous consciousness, and such was the

living word of Christ; for did he not cry in adoring love, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth!" ?

Hence to us, as to Christ, God must be infinitely more than a scientific potentiality, or a pantheistic principle,—he must be both an indwelling and an encompassing Presence. Mr. Wells' finite God will not answer the infinite demand of the human soul. Although John Dewey uses the word God but once in his recent book on "Human Nature and Conduct," he at last finds a fitting place for it in his masterful climax: "Individuality signifies unique connections in the Whole. Yet it has been perverted into something uniform and immutable. . . . Thus other Gods have been set up before the one God. . . . The ideal means a sense of the encompassing continuities, with their infinite reach. . . . Even in the midst of conflict, struggle, and defeat, a consciousness is possible of the enduring and comprehending Whole."

So, to repeat, the immanent God is immeasurably more than a potentiality in the soul: he is an infinite Presence. Even evolution does not proceed by the urge of resident forces alone; it moves to its goal by the lure of a stimulating and sustaining environment,—and that environment finally is the Whole, or God. The dogma of potentiality, or of resident force has been

pathetically overworked. A certain student has been recently quoted as declaring, "Man is simply evolved, rationalized mud." But is it not just this rationalistic muddling of the higher involvements of life that has done so much to deepen the chasm between so-called science and religion? To conceive that mud could evolve by resident forces alone into mind, even though the mud were a special creation of God, is grotesquely unthinkable.

Then the adventuring God of the new mysticism is not struggling for his own perfection, but for ours. God is already and always perfect. It was Christ who enjoined upon us, "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Whitman has given us a noble modern variation of this sentiment:

> In this broad earth of ours,
> Amid the measureless grossness and slag,
> Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
> Nestles the seed—Perfection.
>
> Give me, O God, to sing that thought!
> Give me—give him or her I love—this
> quenchless faith
> In thy Ensemble!

So Whitman, like Dewey, environs the seed in the Ensemble, or the encompassing Whole. Whitman even appeals to God in prayer, linking

divine and human love in one consummate experience.

God is creating our cycle of nature and life; but he is not creating himself. He is becoming in us, but not in his own Nature. In the beginning, and in every beginning, is the total God. The Creator's perfection is from everlasting to everlasting; but each cycle of the creation's perfection awaits the revealing of the sons of God. So Browning rightly

> Finds progress man's distinctive mark alone,
> Not God's, and not the beast's: God is; they are;
> Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.

In a recent magazine article, the question is asked, "Does God grow?" and an affirmative answer is given. God is pictured as ever realizing a larger and higher Self. We are told that any God who does not grow would be static and inert. What shall we say to this? Certainly we need to keep our conception of an adolescent and adventuring God. But how can we conceive of an infinite God who is growing larger, or of a Supreme Being who is advancing to a higher Self? To be sure, God expresses himself in everlasting growth, and also experiences all the new variety and progress of his universe; but this does not necessarily involve growth in his own essen-

tial Selfhood. If he is immortally young, he can not grow older; if he is absolutely great, he can not grow greater; and if he is infinitely high, he can not grow higher. Must not God's essential Nature always be complete, even while he is working endless changes in outward nature and in man? If God grows essentially, then is not the Creator being created? If the Maker is in the making, then who is making him? Would not a God who is ever realizing a larger and a higher Self, necessitate a larger and a higher God still to promote and complete him? No: the God who promotes all growth and experiences all change must in his essential Nature be unchanging, and ungrowing. The mystic heart that finds finality in God's eternal Heart is sustained amid all outward mutations by communion with the infinite Over-Soul who is essentially immutable. To the soul of the mystic, God's personality is always full-grown and infinitely perfect.

Even to the most exacting scientific mind, there inevitably come at times moments of transporting wonder when thought passes logically into worship. It was said some years ago regarding the French positivist and savant Littré, by a fellow countryman who had just read a passage in one of his books, that, "reaching the utmost limit of positive knowledge, and posting himself on the extremest promontory, he saw himself surrounded

by the mystery of the unknown, as by an infinite ocean. He had neither bark nor sails nor compass wherewith to explore this boundless sea; still he stood there gazing into it, contemplating, meditating in the presence of its vastness; and finally abandoned himself to a movement of adoration and of confidence which renewed his mental vigor and filled his heart with peace." Littré had really found the God of nature, because the nature of God had already found him. He had transcended mere outward nature through the mystic experience of his own spirit. The nature symbols had passed into substance, or rather the substance of the divine Life in his own heart had filled the symbols with the saving grace of the divine Presence. God was beyond because God was within.

We project God from his world in ourselves into his world without. We realize with Mrs. Stowe that we know the God of the morning and of the daylight, only because every one of us is so constituted in his heart that he must need cry with her,

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

In the evolving creation, God and man labor together; for God has left much work unfinished, so that he may take his human children into

creative partnership. A purchaser in receiving a bouquet of American Beauty roses from the hand of a florist, exclaimed, "See what God wrought!" Whereupon the florist bade him tarry a moment, while he disappeared into the greenhouse, only to return forthwith, holding a plain, common rose in his hand, and repeating the purchaser's exclamation, "See what God wrought!" And then, passing to an inspired but logical climax, he lifted up the bouquet of American Beauties, and exclaimed again, "See what God *and man* wrought!"

Chapter V

Finding God in the Interplay of Intuition and Initiative

> Find God where he finds you: find him in your own intuition and initiative.

Intuition and initiative are the extremes that meet in the experience of real religion. They are complementary running-mates, and make an irresistible team. Our intuitions are our immediate ideas and ideals,—our ready insights and sentiments. Initiative is conscious will in purpose and action; it is creative assertion. At its best, it is the experimental, inventive, and constructive adventure that remakes individuals and institutions. On the other hand, intuition at its best is the spontaneous functioning of our deepest convictions, combining the fire of impulse, the flash of intelligence, and the breath of inspiration. The new mysticism must unite these two nobler activities of the mind,—intuition and initiative.

Mediæval mysticism neglected the present creative will of God. It contemplated the works of God, but did not commune with his wonder-working power on every common day. Modern

mysticism does not contemplate less, but it communes as well—with the dynamic will of God, whose creation groans and travails, awaiting the revealing of his cooperating sons. Mediæval mysticism worshipped a God whose works were finished—a God who had gone way back and sat down. Modern mysticism worships a God who is going over the top to-day—the adventuring God of the new creation. Mediæval mysticism was intuitive, but lacked initiative. Modern mysticism is not less intuitive, but the God whom it knows immediately is the God who is building a new world now. It is more interested in the God who is a foreground than in the God who is a background.

Then, modern mysticism realizes that the devotional man is the whole man. The mediæval type was fractional. It was marked by both partialism and pessimism. Its saints did not have to be citizens. Or if they were citizens, then their citizenship and their heaven were not of the same world. However, Paul could say, "Our citizenship *is* in heaven." He did not find God mainly in the passive contemplations of a pious life; he rather found God by living and *moving*, and having his being in fighting the good fight of faith. Yet he was a mystic, for he contemplated and loved the immediate presence of God—albeit of the God whose will is found where he works

rather than where he waits. The real Christian mystic finds and knows God by willing to do his will. That was the formula of Christ. Then he taught that the heavens are always open, and the book of revelation never closed. We are sure that we are of his spirit when we believe that the revelations of the past are sacred only as they become the inspirations for the new quest of God to-day. Still is the spirit of man the candle of the Lord. The apostolic succession would have but little validity or value without the prophetic succession.

So the modern saint is a creative citizen; and to him God is not only the adorable Companion, but also the adventuring Commander-in-chief of men and nations. He is not so much the Ancient of Days, as he is the Adolescent Dynamic of the world, masterfully at work on every present day, preparing for the full glory of the dayspring yet to be. It was in the spirit of this faith that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews declared, "Those who were enlightened tasted the dynamic of the age to come." In the true religious experience, light and power are never separated,—intuition and initiative are but the obverse and the reverse of the one fact of spiritual vitality. How aptly has a modern writer voiced this truth: "God strives within our striving, kindles his flame in our intellects, sends the impact of his energy

to make our wills restless for righteousness, floods our subconscious minds with dreams and longings, and always urges the race on towards higher combinations of freedom and solidarity"! This rings like Shakespeare's "divinity that shapes our ends," and Arnold's "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." It is significant that the latter phrase reads, "makes *for* righteousness," and not "makes righteousness." God does not intrude even such a desirable thing as righteousness upon men,—he rather inspires it, while men themselves must make it their own. God works by persuading us, and not by overpowering us. Thus the new world that is emerging, with travail and triumph combined, is climbing to its goal only as men themselves commune creatively with the will of God. As we need God's infinity, so he needs our finiteness.

> 'Tis God gives skill,
> But not without men's hands:
> He could not make Antonio Stradavari's
> violins
> Without Antonio.

The mystic glories in the inner light; but he also adds his initiative to his insight as he answers the challenge of the Master, "Let your light so shine!" He realizes that it is only as he walks in the light as God is in the light, that he can have

the fellowship of the saints, and claim the cleansing blood-kinship of Christ.

As already noted, the virile saint finds God where God finds him—in his sense of need, in his sense of duty, in his sentiment of love, and in his morally adventuring will. In other words, he finds God in his creative prayer, in his creative conscience, in his creative friendship, and in his creative quest of righteousness and love. Prayer is intuitive; conscience is intuitive; love is intuitive; and chivalry is intuitive. But the crusading application of each of these cardinal interests demands the everlasting persistence and patience of the initiating will.

Why should we ever separate being and doing? And yet a modern writer on mysticism has said, "We must be good before we can do good. Reconstruction of character and reorientation of attention must precede reconstruction of society." But why this divorcing of interests, when such severance has always involved the tragedy of the compartmented life? Certainly character can not be vitally reconstructed except in society, and society cannot be renewed except as individual men and women renew themselves in renewing it.

This is the laboratory method, and the field method, too. It accords with the sentiment of Agassiz, "My laboratory is my sanctuary," and with that of Christ, "The field is the world."

The saint of the closet only is like the psychologist of the chair. Each is liable to miss the connection with real life, and to be only academic. A recent remark of Mr. Edison's illustrates in part this issue: "I am a sort of connecting-link between the long-haired inventor, who is unable to make his inventions practical, and the business man who views every invention through the dollar sign."

The doctrine of intuition and initiative here presented is congenial to the two great thought systems of our day—the pragmatic philosophy of William James, and the creative evolution of Henri Bergson; and it assuredly breathes the constructive passion of the Christ who declared, "Not every one who saith, Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of my Father." Then, we know that truth to Jesus was not only an illumination, but also a dynamic for action, for he declared again, "Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit of truth is come upon you."

If intuitions halt long without practical issue, they become stale and artificial, if not deluding and insincere. Impulses and insights need to be checked up and tried out before any paralyzing delay denatures them. Too often there are no values in our life among men to answer to our ideals. As Professor Leighton has remarked,

"Ideas are checks on the bank of experience. If they are returned marked 'no funds,' they are false."

All valid revelation that has come from God has come through the mystic soul, but it has always been as dynamic and as democratic as it has been divine,—for to commune with the will of God is to commune with good will. God is not only the world-will, but he is the good will of the world. Such is the adoring and adorable experience of the Lord's prayer.

Revelation reached its finality in Christ, but it was not finished in him, except in the perfection of his person and his principles. He declared the consummation to be in the future of human progress, and to this end he proclaimed that he would build his deathless church of key-men who should bind the evil, release the good, and bring peace on earth. He was the great Teacher in the school of the prophets. He visualized the growing revelation to be realized in all applied truth that would yet carry his personal influence and his formative ideals into completed expression in human character and citizenship. Christ knew that it was given to him to live in its fulness and perfection the mystic life, and so to become for all other men the Way. But according to the measure of our nature, each one of us may experience and express God, even as Christ did, in the

adoring and adventuring life of prayer, of duty and of love. Paul is audacious enough to write, "Till we all attain unto a full grown manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." It is the ineffable Christian expectation.

The mystic communes with God as he wills to do God's will. He learns as he labors. He worships where he works. As he helps make the new Christian history, building the temple of God as the home of the new humanity, he is indeed rearing God's constructive revelation on the foundation of the apostles and prophets—Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Even rest in the Lord is "not quitting the busy career, but the fitting of self to one's sphere." How valid and challenging is the mystic vision of Paul, "Ye are fellow citizens, builded together into a habitation of God in the spirit"! Mysticism must be creative, since the only God whom we can vitally know is the God who worketh hitherto and still works, as Jesus declared. Our God has not grown old and tired, but, as already observed, is still adolescent and achieving. He is still the Creator. And so we must remember our Creator in unaging youth. The mystical experience is "the renewing of the Holy Ghost." It assimilates the very present life of God. Christ expressed this supremely when he said, "My meat is to do the will of him who sent me,

and to finish his work." He realized the happy balance of intuition and initiative. In him, rest and quest met together, and possession and pursuit kissed each other. And so the modern saint must hold fast to that which is good, while he proves all things. He must be at once a pensioner and a pioneer; and then he will also experience the unspeakable grace of life which a friend of the writer has felicitously called "contented eagerness." Thus the devotion that solaces his soul will function as the divinity that shapes his ends.

Our common devotional books are mainly of the mediæval and meditative type. They are calculated to fit one for some saints' rest; but they could never outfit one for the kingdom of God on earth. Any devotion that is not dynamic will not satisfy to-day. It did not satisfy in Christ's day, for he who said, "Come unto me," also said, "Ye shall *find* rest by taking my yoke." So the real mystic can be and must be a man of action and a man of affairs. Even business and politics are the inalienable domains of his religion. Men must commune with the will of God, not so much in the heights of ecstasy, as in the high places of domestic, social, commercial, and political achievement, where justice and brotherhood seek to rear the temple of grace and goodness on earth.

Shortly before his recent death, Dr. Peter

Forsyth dropped a pregnant phrase, "Piety must not take the place of faith." Mediæval mysticism was pious, but it had little creative faith. So it was doomed to "public impotence." Real religion cooperates with God's omnipotence today. The red-blooded saint does not contemplate the God of the status quo, but communes with the God whose presence on earth is the power of achieving righteousness and love. The true mystic is a citizen-saint. The place where he finds God supremely is where conscience grips some vital problem and love illuminates some new way of life—where "new occasions teach new duties."

So if virile mysticism is both intuitive and initiating, it is not fair to say, as has recently been said by a certain teacher, "Mysticism is subjective religion—religion seeking to emancipate itself from the tyranny of external things." It is rather both subjective and objective, and it seeks to emancipate the world of all things by substituting the triumph of the spirit for the rule either of worldliness or of other-worldliness. Jesus talked about faith that could remove mountains. Indeed, some kind of faith can remove any kind of a mountain.

A man went down to Panama,
Where many men had died,

To split the sliding mountain,
And raise the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,—
And the mountain stood aside.

So sings Thomas Richards, who has herein given us a notable parable for all creative faith. But General Goethals, who enacted the parable into fact, illustrated for us supremely the wonder of faith's indomitable adventure.

Still the occidental mind to-day may need to go more "into the silence," even as the oriental mind may need to go more into the medley and mastery of affairs. The dreamer should company with the doers, and the doer should foregather with the dreamers. However, it is always hazardous to let the mind run overmuch to reverie. There must be earnest objective interest even in the silence. The mind that is allowed to become a blank, in order to receive the impress of divinity, is quite as likely to receive the insinuations of deviltry. The vacant spirit is sure to have as many visions of bad angels as of good ones. We should go into the silence only to listen with keenest attention to God's living voice. We should go as did Elijah to hear the voice small and still, but even so, the voice that speaks of duty and of life, and enjoins us with the challenge, "Go; return on thy way!" We should go as did John the Baptist, who found the silence

vocal with heavenly but homely accents, and who returned on his way to become himself a voice. We should go as did Abraham Lincoln, who was humble enough to entrust all to God, yet audacious enough to essay all for the people; who was simple enough to believe devoutly in inspiration, and yet always brave and initiating enough to follow the intuitions of the closet with the high decisions and policies of state that made him a sensitive but supreme leader of men. Are not our own spirits alike simplified and sublimed as we hear this great commoner confessing, "The Almighty does make use of human agencies; I have had so many evidences of his direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I can not doubt that this power comes from above; I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have not sufficient facts on which to found it; I can not recall one instance, in which I have followed such a decision, where the results were unsatisfactory."

Once when a student asked Lord Shaftesbury what he should do with his life, the great humanitarian answered with much wisdom, "Find out God's purpose for your generation, and put yourself in line with it." Still we shall need also to ponder the wisdom of the Greek adage, "Zeus frowns on the over-busy." Not our own busyness,

but the King's business is our vocation. There are plenty of people who are diligent in using the power of God who are never devoted to doing his will. It is so easy to become intoxicated with power, and to think we are godlike when we may be hardly better than diabolical. Not a few persons have been known to "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." It is not enough even to be brave,—we must be good. So the strenuous Kipling pauses to sing of reverence and humility:

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boastings as the gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Yet humility must not discount power. Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit from his wilderness devotion and deference to the will of God, and so it could be said of him, "Thou art worthy to receive both honor and power." Judas, too, used God's power, but he did not do God's will. And to-day there are manifold refinements of power without righteousness. It was Christ who said, "Ye shall receive power *after* the Holy Spirit has come upon you." But alas, multitudes of men receive power before any

spirit of holiness at all has ever come upon them. There are those who exploit God, and even extol his name, without experiencing his love or expressing his purpose. Such were the Pharisees, the high-powered men of Jesus' day. Heaven is the right use of power; and hell is the wrong use of power. The prophet harnesses God's power to the utilities of truth and goodness; but the profiteer and the patrioteer take the saddle to ride for their own desire, regardless of whom they may trample under foot. Then the prodigal mounts his wayward courser, and wastes God's power in riotous living. The spendthrift and the skinflint alike desecrate the divine patrimony and resource. So the man who aspires to the audacity of faith must be sure that he does so for the glory of God in the highest, and for good will among men.

At last "the way of the ungodly shall perish," and "the name of the wicked shall rot." The only method by which to qualify for real and enduring leadership is the method indicated by Christ when he declares the law of spiritual power and promotion,—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The joy of Jesus was the exhilaration that accompanies the right use of power, and his reward

was the empowering Name that is above every name.

When the new era of combined intuitive and initiating mysticism has fully come, then will the saints be fair as the moon in the beauty of their idealism, clear as the sun in the penetration of their convictions, and awe-inspiring as a bannered host in the spiritual dynamic of their chivalry. Well may we pray with the psalmist, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

Chapter VI

Finding God in the Gospel of the Holy Ghost: The Presence and the Power

Find God where he finds you: find him in the evangel of the Holy Spirit in your own heart.

This is the gospel of the life of God in the soul of man, and of the soul of man in the life of God. It is the good news of the Infinite Spirit who permeates and promotes our finite spirits. It is supremely the evangel of mystical religion. If we ever lose this experience of the immediate presence of God, we can never be really religious, whatever may be our theologies or our forms of worship. It is this consciousness alone that puts vitality and validity into all our professions and all our performances. It is this consciousness alone that is the palpitating heart of all devotion, and the moving pulse of spiritual power in personality and in society. But the ineffable charm of this experience is that, through its benediction, God becomes the Great Companion and life the great communion. And as we are actuated thus, not so much by a principle as by a Presence, our very bodies become temples, and the common

world the court of heaven. Reverence ceases to be the fear of an autocratic Potentate, and becomes the endearing but dynamic adoration of the Life within and around all our lives. Then this doctrine of the Spirit is only the more intimate thought of the divine Fatherhood. And we shall indeed be saved from much confusion if we thus think of the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of the Father. God is the Father Spirit; God is the Father of all other spirits; and God is the Father living to-day in all our spirits. It was Jesus who said, "It is the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." So the voice of the Spirit is the voice of our fatherly God.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," writes Paul,—as if the Great Companion were himself wistfully seeking the fellowship of our spirits. Even repentance—which must always be as searching as sure—is the affair not of a cringing culprit, but of a prodigal son, to whom the Spirit of the Father would bring sweetening and strength. Thus did Peter preach repentance in the early days of the spiritual visitation, after Christ had departed in the flesh: "Repent ye therefore, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the Presence of the Lord." This experience of forgiveness and renewal was to come, not from a distant Person, but from the discovery of the ever

present and invading nearness of the Spirit of God. Yet, though God is closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet, still he is always the Other to whom we may speak,—he is indeed the Answer heard in conscience, and in the voice of truth and love. This experience is sympathetically sketched by "The Speaker's Bible" on Hebrews: "The Divinity within you, who is really the mainspring of your conscious life, is longing with infinite desire to communicate himself to you; and when, with eager, receptive thought, you meet the desire, you do mentally see God; you are more sure of God than if some objective Deity stood by you." This invading, but never intrusive, nor yet imprisoned God, is ever the divine resource within the soul, and yet the infinite response beyond the soul's finiteness, —at once intimate and unsearchable. This friendly, brooding, but vastly overshadowing Presence is graciously glimpsed in Whittier's song,

Nor bounds, nor time, nor creed thou know'st;
Wide as our needs thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Then, as there is a process of derivation by which evolution gives continuity to all life, and especially to human life, so there is in addition a procedure of the diversity of the Spirit by which

involution gives all life its creative newness, and thus insures variety and progress. And thus, as life is an affair of more than potentiality and resident forces, so revelation is an experience of more than an enshrined Spirit in the heart of man. The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of the Whole; and we may be conscious of the presence of the Whole, although the finite mind can not contain the whole of the Presence. As already indicated, the Holy Spirit is "the Beyond that is within."

But what are we to do with this friendship and this fire of God? They are at once a precious trust and a high commission. Certainly mysticism will always be the evangel of the inner fire; but the fire must be like that of John the Baptist, shining as well as burning, and so inspiring the world while illuminating the souls of the devout. Self-centred devotion, however, can produce nothing better than a smudge. The light-bringers from God are ever the light-bearers to men. And then, according to the figure of Christ, the test of the spirituality of any worshipping group is whether it is luminous and illuminating, like a well-lit city set on a hill. Yet, lest this hill-top mysticism should be marred by pomp and pride, the Master enjoins us to let our light so shine as not to be seen of men for our own display, but rather so as to do our brothers good, to the glory

of God the Father. It is indeed certain that there can be no inspiriting worship, in the closet, or in the congregation, unless the enthusiasm of humanity blends with the adoration of God, in the fire on the altar. The mystic experience can become resplendent only as it bursts into warmth and color for life. Our most solacing devotions are those which are most surcharged with the sweetness, light, and strength of friendship and service. The dynamic and the devotional spirit can know no severance. Every devout soul is a spiritual dynamo, and true prayer is a perpetual Pentecost. Intuition and initiative are twin functions, as shown in the preceding chapter. The great intuitions do not come to visionaries, but to men of creative vision. They do not come to mere dreamers, but to men who make their dreams come true. So the mystic soul is not a receptacle to be filled with God, but a creative personality to be fulfilled in God, and through whom God himself is to fulfil some ample purpose. The real mystic is not a sponge to absorb God for his own delight, and so to enjoy him alone forever. He is an inspired revelation of God, in some degree like his supreme Master, who is, in the phrase of Whittier,

Immortal Love, forever full, forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole, a never-ebbing sea.

The divine process will stop in the soul, unless a man makes himself a part of the divine procedure for spiritualizing and socializing humanity. We cannot retire into God. We can only react to God in the domain where he lives—in the commonwealth of men. To some of us, it has always seemed like a misnomer to talk about a "devotional retreat." Devotion never retreats nor retires; it keeps step with the Master in the forefront of creative aspiration.

As "piety must not take the place of faith," so adoration must not take the place of adventure. Christ no sooner teaches us to pray, "Our Father, hallowed be thy name," than he bids us also to implore, "Thy will be done on earth." The supreme gift of the Spirit is the will to do God's will. To seek this gift, Jesus declares to be the only way of wisdom as well as of power. The mediæval mystics were too busy with their devotions to devote themselves greatly to the divine word and will, ever seeking to become flesh in forth-putting lives. Obedience to the will of God is better than all other sacrifice at the mystic altar, and every shrine of aspiration must become a "house of brotherhood." The modern mystic will not forget the words of the Master of all mystics, "If thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar,

and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." In the mysticism of Jesus, the evangelical and the ethical always meet. His inclusiveness makes his religion the synthesis of all other religions—and more. Paul could well say, "Ye are complete in him."

The Holy Spirit is still the Creator Spirit. While he convicts of sin and of judgment, his ultimate office is to convict of constructive righteousness. Mysticism in the past has been fired all too little by such passion for creative goodness. However, it was Christ who declared that the mystic spirit would be the new genius of world leadership, for, let us repeat, he proclaimed that the Spirit of Truth would guide men into all the truth. He did not assert, Ye shall receive ravishing raptures when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; but rather, Ye shall receive power, in order that ye may bear witness in organizing the society of the deathless church.

Jesus pledged the spirit-endowed souls of his disciples to the passion of Pentecost, on whose altar was to be lighted the flame of fervent fellowship, and of prophetic preaching. His cult of the Spirit is varied and comprehensive. Its New Testament symbols are three—the dove, the fire and the wind. The modern mystic must be versatile enough to incarnate them all. This cer-

tainly means that his experience shall be lovely and bright, but also intense, and breezy, and impelling. Pentecostal religion was powerful enough to build the early church, and to send it on its luminous and conquering way across the centuries. But it was the way of conquest only because it added to the spirit of receptivity the spirit of constructive revolution as well—the poured-forth and poured-out spirit, in whose originative unction sons and daughters prophesied, young men saw visions, and old men dreamed dreams of spiritual dominion in the earth. Here was none of the sequestered meditation of the middle ages. Here was a faith that made piety puissant. Here were personal power and public potency. Neither the expected second coming of Christ, on the one hand, nor persecution, on the other, hindered the labors of these mighty builders. They knew no pessimism like that of our modern millenarians who are still darkening the world with the unfaith of mediæval times. What is more pathetic and impotent than mysticism thus disillusioned as to the conquering power of "the light of the world"? Regarding such infidelity has not Jesus himself said, "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness"? The truly illuminated church will always be incandescent and impassioned with the missionary ardor and expectation of its Founder.

The gospel of the Holy Ghost is Christ's gospel of the kingdom—always conquering and to conquer.

With man, the conquest must be chiefly spiritual, as organic evolution has largely ceased in him. His soul is especially the laboratory of the divine Spirit's innovation, and of his own human originality. The new mysticism must involve a marvellous awakening to mental and moral alertness, inventiveness, and re-creation. The free spirit of man, unhampered by the determinisms of science or the traditions of theology, unhindered by rationalism on the one hand or by reaction on the other, will yet be the most fluid, refreshing, and refashioning force in history. The new mysticism is the new freedom to remake the world in the power of the Spirit of truth.

Man may be a Mendelian mosaic after the flesh; but he is a son of God after the Spirit. We shall not neglect genetics or eugenics, to be sure, but we shall recognize the fact that the psychology of the saints may be a mightier force than all the doctrines of biology—and all the dogmas of theology—in the universe. We ought long since to have reached the luminous day of the Lord when the science of the biologists and the sociology of the saints could lock arms in the march of progress. The pathos of the situation has too often been that the saints have forgotten

society, while the scientists have forgotten the soul.

The Holy Spirit is the constructive spirit of history; and Christianity is to be the architect of a new heaven and a new earth,—and first of all of a new heaven on earth. So the new sainthood must be powerful enough to halt the destructive forces of waste and war, and to release the reconstructive spirit of peace, prosperity, and brotherhood. It is time to realize with Henry van Dyke that

> There is an architecture grander far
> Than all the fortresses of war,
> More inextinguishably bright
> Than learning's lonely towers of light:
> Rearing its walls of faith and hope and love
> In deathless souls of men, it lifts above
> The frailty of our earthly home
> An everlasting dome—
> The sanctuary of the human host,
> The living temple of the Holy Ghost.

We must not mistake the nature of inspiration. The gospel of the Holy Ghost is neither an evangel of intoxication on the one hand, nor of intervention on the other. God will not do our work for us, and he refuses to hypnotize us into doing it by magic rather than by honest mastery.

Then the modern mystic must be as broad in vision as he is deep in devotion. He must reach

the wider synthesis and find the higher unity. To his catholic spirit, contemplative communion and creative communion will be one and the same, for the God whose life he breathes will be the animating soul of the adventuring and advancing kingdom of heaven. Thus his delectable experiences of the spirit of the kingdom in his own heart will become intercessory and neighbourly with the eagerness of fellowship. The mysticism of egoistic emotion will pass into that of brotherly desire. Feeling will not become less, but more, when it expands into fellow-feeling under the spell of the unifying Spirit. Indeed such unity of the Spirit is the only bond of inward as of outward peace. There can be no deep peace on earth in the sanctuary of any human soul that does not desire and purpose good will among men.

God, the Maker of our bodies, creates us of one blood to dwell on all the face of the earth. God, the Father of our spirits seeks by his unifying Spirit to beget us again into a living household of faith. So vital mysticism is the one hope for a unified world. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." The individuality of every person is to be honored and developed. Only defects and discords are to be eliminated. Society is yet to be wonderfully rich and free, as each man plays out his own life in concert with all others. Every character is to be conserved,

while also consecrated to the unity of the entire human chorus. The hearts of men are to be but so many varied, yet voluntary instruments, to be swept at length into final accord by the one harmonizing Spirit who is the breath of every man's life. Human brotherhood is thus possible and imperative, because every one of us is a child of the common spiritual Father, and because all worship is but the translated and humanized impulse of his central will. Yet, as we have seen, God's will works by infiltration, and not by force; and so the process has been millennium-long, and may require centuries to come, before the final consummation of peace and fellowship among men and nations. Still, slowly but surely the noisy world is yielding its discord, and will at last be trained and tempered into tune with the Infinite. If all supreme inspirations come from one Master Mind, then all the great thoughts of men shall at length be clarified and composed in the ultimate symphony of truth and love. The gospel of the Holy Ghost will yet intone itself into the hallelujah chorus of all humanity. And this is not pantheism, but personalism. It is the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; it is the festival of the heirs of God and the joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, in the house of brotherhood.

Here, in this program of the Spirit, is an ade-

quate objective for the ultimate divine-human drama. Here is a romance worthy of the genius of the spiritual God himself, as it is fraught with the only eternal worth for the spirits of men. Here, indeed, is the soul of the everlasting religion, instinct with both poetry and power, inciting at once the lyric grace of a high saintliness, the epic zest of a spiritual knight-errantry, and the dramatic art of a democratic civilization. Here is Christ's inspiring vision of the church and the kingdom—the habitation of God in the Spirit.

It is also Markham's vision splendid:

> We men of earth have here the stuff
> Of Paradise—we have enough!
> We need no other stones to build
> The stairs into the Unfulfilled;
> No other ivory for the doors;
> No other marble for the floors;
> No other cedar for the beam
> And dome of man's immortal dream.
> Here on the paths of every day;
> Here on the common human way,
> Is all the busy God would take
> To build a heaven, to mould and make
> New Edens. Ours the task sublime
> To build Eternity in Time.

Chapter VII

Finding God in the Balance of Priestly and Prophetic Experience

> Find God where he finds you: find him in your priestly adoration, and in your prophetic adventure.

Find him at the altar, and also in the pulpit and forum. But let us pause to recall again our more formal definition of vital religious experience, or mysticism, as the doctrine that man may attain through contemplation and love to an immediate consciousness of God. In this experience the prophet and the priest should supplement each other, and the two should blend in the same person. Surely every deeply and broadly religious man will be both a priest and a prophet. The priest's contemplation and love bow him before God at the altar; the prophet's love and contemplation lift him and set him with his face toward the people. But it should be the same face that sees the beauty of the Lord, and turns with the divine blessing towards the world of men. It is said that the priest goes from men to God, and that the prophet comes from God to

men. But in the true mystic, the attitudes combine. The prophet-priest meets the ministering God at his throne in the midst of men. His contemplation is vitalized into noble thinking, and his love breathes the spirit of both the great commandments. He does not so much think God's thoughts after him, as with him, and he not only embosoms himself in the love of God for his own delectation, but he also embraces the divine love for men, and so becomes one of the lesser sons whom God gives in love to the world that other men may not perish, but may have the eternal life of love. Here Christ rises to the distinction of Lord and Saviour.

The priest is called to conduct worship, and the prophet to lead thought. But Jesus would sweep them both into the higher unity, for he declares, "God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit—and in truth." So worship is a function of thought, and thought is a feature of worship. Mysticism must never mean mystification, but rather clarity, conviction, and crusading passion. The psalmist was a pragmatic mystic who was able to say, "As I was musing, the fire burned." The mystic's direct experience of God must be directed to some high prophetic end, as well as developed in some great priestly mood. Mood and mastery must meet, and feeling and thought must fuse in the altar flame.

It is sure that the prophet can never be a scribe; and it is as certain that the priest should never be a scribe only. Dr. Robert Horton has graphically remarked, "A religion that is growing has prophets; a religion that is completed has only scribes." He might have added, A religion that is growing has priests also, the newness of whose confession and the freshness of whose worship are never completed, but are becoming an ever richer and ampler offering unto God. The true priest lays on the altar the ancient and acceptable sacrifice of a humble and a contrite heart, but also the modern and equally acceptable sacrifice of an unstereotyped and spontaneous adoration.

The real priest will be a conservator always, but not a conservative, and never a conventionalist. However, in avoiding the priestcraft of old conformities, he must not adopt a new priestcraft of eccentricity or of fadism. The glory of the priestly spirit is its reverent sincerity, and its freedom to worship God according to the genius of the ancient and everlasting religion, but also according to the exigent need of the hour. The priest can be saved from formality, old or new, only by a supreme offering of godly fear and of manly fervor.

The prophet is a man of penetrating faith, whose worship has opened his eyes not only to heaven, but also to heaven on earth. He is a seer

who sees God in his world. He comes from God, and he goes forward with God. His faith is the substance of the things hoped for in his own new manhood, and in the new humanity, and it is the evidence of the things unseen by those who do not have the vision of the Spirit in their souls, and who do not hold the visualization of the coming commonwealth of God before their eyes. So prophecy is faith and faith is prophecy. All prophet souls live in the spirit of the lines,

God give us faith—the face turned from the dust,
The fresh, creative vision of the seer,
The patient passion and the deathless cheer
To build the world as stately as our trust.

The prophet is a man with a message of truth from God, and with a mandate of righteous love for God's kingdom of heaven. He is a man of spiritual enlightenment for life. He adores the God of the spiritual applications. The genius of the prophet is the spirit personified in the Book of Wisdom: "Fairer is she than the sun, and above all the constellations of the stars; being compared with light, she is found to be before it; for to the light of day succeedeth night, but against Wisdom evil doth not prevail; she reacheth out from one end of the world to the other with full strength, and ordereth all things graciously." Who could sketch with greater grace

the general mission of the prophet, or paint, in broad impression, with more beauty and power, the promised earthly kingdom of God? Yet the prophet of power and beauty will go further, and will translate impressions into righteous initiative and into just and friendly institutions.

There is not a little "revived mysticism" being proclaimed even to-day that falls far short of being prophetic and renewed mysticism, for it lacks both the Christian and the modern idea of God. It certainly lacks Christ's vision for a renovated world. Any mysticism which carries one to the altar, but does not "carry on" into thought life, and above all, into thought for life, is devoid of the modern experience of God. And it is indeed divested of Christ's experience, for the Master came back from the mighty meditation of the wilderness, not only in the spirit of wonder and adoration, but in the spirit of his divine crusade; he returned to make the synagogue ring with the ardor of his apostolate, as he cried, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, deliverance to the captive, recovery of sight to the blind, and liberty to them that are bruised—to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord!" No worship can be mystically great unless it is meaningful, and able to visualize the

circle of at least one golden year with a program acceptable to God.

If to get into tune with the Infinite, a man neglects the finite harmonies of common life, or despairs of their power, he misses the very music of the gospel as it thrilled in the soul of Christ.

When the true saint goes to church, it must be in the spirit of the psalmist who went both "to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." We need for great devotion, at once more adoring wonder in our hearts, and more detailed ethical content in our thoughts. We must ask many spiritual questions and find many potential answers in the sanctuary, if we are to commune deeply with the God who is a providence for all earthly affairs. We need a new discipline at the altar, but it must be a discipline of application as well as of adoration. Detached exercises in the closet or in the church will never enthrone God on earth. Even if we shut the door, we shall need, like Daniel, to leave some window open toward the Jerusalem of our human citizenship. Otherwise our worship will be merely esoteric, and not effectual.

No priestly observance, however reverential, will put one right with God, unless it reconciles one to a righteous God and commissions one for human righteousness. We can worship in the light as God is in the light only as we get ready

to walk in the light, and to have fellowship with men in organized good will. Then even humility and resignation will not set a man right with God. They will only bow him at the place of power; they will not empower him. A certain mystic has recently advised, "Learn the art of priestly self-effacement." Yet Christ's word was not effacement, but fulfilment. He enjoined repentance—but always repentance unto righteousness. His word was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." To get right with God was to get right in his kingdom of righteousness. And yet the devotee just quoted has said again, "The world is waiting for souls who are wholly detached from earthly considerations, and wholly attached to God"—as if such abstraction were ever possible in God's kingdom of relativity, to say nothing of righteousness. No individual soul can find salvation in an isolated reciprocity even with God; for a man cannot get right in love with the God whom he has not seen, unless by the same token he gets right with his brothers whom he has seen. This surely was the sentiment of the Christ who said that no gift could be acceptable at the altar of God's Fatherhood, unless the devotee enthroned thereon the reconciling grace of brotherhood. Only final defeat awaits the man who tries to capitulate to God in priestly surrender of his own soul, until he is ready to give his very

life to help capitalize God's prophetic adventure for creating a friendly world. This indeed is the capital and crowning religious experience which finds God where he lives. It is the experience of God in the society of his other children,—a society which his saved sons and daughters must hasten to make Christian at whatever cost—not by self-effacement, but by self-expression and self-giving.

So God seeks from the mystic soul both the priestly prayer of a contrite love and the prophetic promise of a loving faith, at once worshipping, and working out salvation in a world of growing brotherhood. He asks, "no knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife," but rather humility and "a reasonable service of good deeds."

> Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to him,
> Than the high harpings of the seraphim.

He demands no mortification, but the death to sin; and he recognizes no merit, but the faith that works by love. There is no value in any immolation, nor is there worth in any inspiration, unless they impel alike to the sacrifice of life unto life, as they lead to the serving of God in the service of men. But a special descent of the Spirit comes upon those who espouse high causes at the altar.

There is but one answer to the immemorial question, "Wherewith shall I come before the

Lord?" We can make that supreme answer only as we avow with Micah the greatest saying of the Old Testament, fulfilled in the Christ of the New, "he hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Yet one modern advocate of a "revived mysticism" recently wrote, "To love God with the brooding love that finds its absorbing occupation in the mere gazing upon the Beloved is a liberal education." That may be revived mediæval mysticism, but it is not renewed Christian mysticism. To make an absorbing occupation of gazing upon God may educate various illusory emotions, but it will never edify the thoughts, not energize the will. We are to seek God not only as an indulgent Father, but also as the Lord of life. Christ prayed the supreme mystical prayer when he cried, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven—and earth—that thou dost reveal thyself unto the childlike in spirit! Come unto me, my brothers, and I will *give* you my rest! Come and *find* rest in that yoke-fellowship with me which makes all burdens light!" Any other attitude renders the school of devotion a finishing school and not a fitting school. We are to seek our liberal education in the experience of Christ's God, who is the Lord of all life.

We should have no interest in reviving the

spirit of any cloistered cult, since what Christianity demands is vital culture for the courageous and creative life. Our watchword should be that on the corner-stone of a New England Y. M. C. A., "To God: For Man." Unless we are ready to make God's altar also his throne, we cannot worship his saving will. To contemplate God's attributes is good, but to consider getting into action with his purpose is better—and it is always best of all to do both.

We may well turn to Isaiah as a notable example of balanced devotion. He adored Jehovah with consummate awe; he confessed his sin and that of his people with prostrate humility; he pled for healing and help with a sense of uttermost dependence upon God,—and then he stood forth requisitioned and dauntless, protesting in the urgency of his high commission, "Here am I; send me!" Isaiah was a mighty mystic, for he felt the immediate touch of God, in a fresh and uncanonical experience,—but it was an experience that knew no absorbing retirement at the altar; it was an experience that put him on the spiritual firing-line of his nation; it was an experience that made his closet and his church the power-station and the lighthouse of Jehovah's dynamic. Here was a prophet-priest who was a direct and a live wire from the throne. Little wonder that they named after him a second Isaiah who cried, "For Zion's

sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will I not rest, until her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth!"

What is more important than that preachers—and laymen, too—should be greatly smitten with the prophetic fire! Even such a distinguished pulpiteer as Dr. Jowett seems only recently to have come fully into the prophetic succession. It has just been said of him that he passed from mysticism to statesmanship without losing the mystic vision. But how would it be possible for any one to be a real statesman at all without some high mystic enlightenment? And on the other hand, does not the greatness of the mystic vision itself fail, if it is not fired with the illuminating insight of a statesmanlike interest?

Reverting to conservation again, it must be said that the higher conservation is vital, and proceeds by growth and reproduction. Jesus himself gave us the figure of the seed. We truly conserve the seed, not by treasuring it, like a kernel of grain in the tomb of an Egyptian king, but by planting it under conditions that preserve its life by multiplying it into other lives. How does Burbank conserve fruits and flowers? For five years the writer lived in Burbank's city and saw him at his high-priestly and prophetic ministries in helping God re-create nature. Burbank

conserved creatively. And so must the priest and prophet of human nature. There was no conservatism in Burbank's gardens, but a marvellous glory of creative conservation, blooming and fructifying in new forms of beauty and utility. The parable is impressive and should be paralleled in the cultivation of all vital sainthood, and in all the propagation of the gospel into the new life of the human world.

So the modern mystic is to be more than a caterer,—he is to be a creator together with God. Yet not a few people who are conventional and even correct in private morals, are by no means really creative in public morality. They offer on their snug altars the mint of the codified respectabilities and the anise of the smug proprieties, but there is in their lives nothing compellingly great for righteousness or brotherhood. They never smite the vested villainies, nor sacrifice their own profit to endow the vast human temple of the new liberties for all men. They are toll-takers, getting all the traffic will bear, but not bearing other people's burdens so as to fulfil the law of Christ. They may even be pious,—which is by no means a synonym for prophetic. Religion to them is a bromide of self-complacency, and not a tonic of serviceable consecration. At best they live—or rather exist—in a twilight zone, "between two worlds,—one dead; the other

powerless to be born." They are not themselves in the struggle for the new order, and they know nothing of the birth-pangs of social redemption. They are rather grubbing for their own gain, or for the gain of their group,—and they are found in all groups. The august fire has never gone through their souls, and they have never kept the white vigil with the world's Redeemer, or with the world's redeemers. They have never known the passion of Markham's lines:

> We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
> The common burden and the public trust
> To be a thing as sacred and august
> As the white vigil where the angels kneel;
> We need the faith to go a path untrod,
> The power to be alone and vote with God.

If a man cannot be a major prophet, let him be a minor prophet; and if he can not be a minor prophet, then let him remember that Jesus said, "He who receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward." It is a badge of honor for a man to know the prophets when they come, even though he may not at first be one himself. If he can really discern the prophets of his day, and hail them with a cheer, he will not need to wait long for his own succession to the rôle.

While the prophet's heart is swept by a sense

of divine discontent with things as they are, his soul is supremely swayed by a constructive devotion to things as they ought to be. He can not wait passively for God. As William James has discerningly said, "To bid man's interests be passive till truth expresses itself from out the environment, is to bid the sculptor's chisel be passive till the statue expresses itself from out the stone." This recalls the lines—

> In the still air the music lies unheard,
> In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
> To make the music or the beauty needs
> The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

So the prophet finds no present world good enough or great enough for the dynamic spirit of man. He discovers that he himself is more than a discoverer,—that he is a new creature, and must help build the new creation together with God, and with his prophetic brothers. He knows that the world in which he now lives is but passing through an early cycle of God's advancing purpose. He feels the urge of the new creation in his own soul, while the lure of its adventuring conquest is ever before his eyes. He knows that its progressive fulfilment awaits the wisdom of his dreams and the good will of his daring.

We are fittingly and passionately enjoined by

the great prophet of the exile to give our God no rest until he shall have established praise in the earth. But our own prophet souls must come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and so find God's almightiness as we join him in the creative quest of a new heaven and a new earth. Our prophetic spirit must match that of Lowell's dauntless lines:

> New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of truth.

Chapter VIII

Finding God in Our Sense of Need: Prayer

Find God where he finds you: find him in your sense of need, or in your prayer.

Prayer is the hunger-cry of the soul, more importunate in deepest hours of yearning than any appetite of the body, and more dependable as to life's real supply and demand than all animal longing. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Prayer is the resource of the soul beyond all earthly satisfaction; it is hunger and thirst after righteousness,—after rightness with God and man, in the fellowship that alone fills and fulfills life. It is the experience of companionship and commerce with the eternal order and with the eternal Author. It is entry into the secret place of the Most High, where the divine and the human meet.

Some time since in a certain church school, when a teacher in the primary grade asked the question, "Where is God?" there came such answers as: "Up on the hill"; "In the moon"; "In

another world"; but there was one response that was gloriously different,—that of a child who replied, "In my prayer." Surely she was a real mystic, for the God who inhabiteth the praises of men now dwelt in her petition. She was finding God where he found her. She was experiencing something of the essence of Florence Coates' lyric insight:

Who feels within him glowing
A spark that dares aspire,
Flame-like, unto supernal things,
With never-quenched desire,
He knows that Heaven bestowed on him
A spark of its own fire.

Isaiah tells us that the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity dwelleth with him also who is of a contrite and humble spirit; while the psalmist cries, "Thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel!" But Jesus translates the experience into terms of sonship, for it was he who said, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need before ye ask him." So prayer is an authoritative reaction to the total Reality that both awakens and answers its cry. In other words, our petitions are at once indited and satisfied by the indwelling and enveloping presence of God.

Sabatier says, "The gift of God comes only to the felt need and to the active desire of man."

True; but man's active desire and felt need are themselves the preparatory gifts of God. God is finding us in our very act of praying, in order that we may find him in turn. In other words, he is the animation of prayer as well as the answer,—and yet so that the prayer itself is our very own. Inspiration soon dies without our deepening, voluntary interest. To vary the phrase, prayer is both man's spiritual passion and God's saving presence. We may well turn, as have so many before us, to William H. Carruth's classic lines for a fitting interpretation of this immemorial experience:

> Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in,
> Come from the mystic ocean,
> Whose rim no foot has trod:
> Some of us call it Longing,
> And others call it—God.

John Dewey has proclaimed this same experience in the prose version of a philosophic mind: "Within the flickering, inconsequential acts of separate selves, dwells a sense of the Whole that claims and dignifies them. In its presence, we put off mortality and dwell in the Universal."

Having listened to the poet, and to the prose philosopher, let us now turn to the prose-poet,

W. H. Hudson, as he delineates, in "Green Mansions," an experience at once mystically transporting and transforming,—an experience of nature and beyond nature,—an experience of deeply felt, and wonderfully answered need: "Flocks of birds were uttering as they flew, a clear, bell-like song, with something ethereal, too, in the drops of melody, that fell into my heart, like drops of rain into a pool, to mix their fresh heavenly water with the water of the earth. Doubtless into the turbid tarn of my soul some sacred drops had fallen from the passing birds—from that crimson disk which had now dropt below the horizon—from the darkening hills—from the rose and blue of infinite heaven—from the whole visible circle; and I felt purified and had a strange sense and apprehension of a secret innocence and spirituality in Nature,—a prescience of some bourne, incalculably distant, to which we are all moving; of a time when the heavenly rain shall have washed us clean from all spot and blemish."

Each of these writers is but saying in his own way what Paul had said in his way so many years ago: "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal." Each is telling us that the imperious and imperial needs of the soul demand and find a total world of the

Spirit,—or in other words, demand and find God. Even a faltering faith will yet sing,

Deep in the darkness, the seed, under mold and clod,
Feels the sun in the sky, and pushes away the sod:
Perhaps this cry in my heart is nothing but God.

Reaction to the Power not ourselves that makes for soul refreshment and righteousness is just as legitimate and necessary as reaction to the physical facts of nature that satisfy animal hunger, and scientific curiosity. Then why not cry with the psalmist, "My soul is athirst for God"; "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"? Materialism is spiritual starvation, and agnosticism is the hunger-strike of the soul. To vary the metaphor, agnosticism and materialism, like over-dogmatic orthodoxy, are obscurantist and obstinate in the face of the growing light of life, and so shut their eyes to the awakening dayspring from on high. But the fresh and full reaction of the soul, in its need, to the Over-Soul is the only way of liberty, and of spiritual satisfaction.

It is this growing reaction of the hungering soul to a spiritual environment that has lifted man from savage to saint. And this experience, as we have seen, is not only the deathless quest

for God; it is also the sure revelation of God. In his prayer, Pascal hears the inner voice whispering, "Thou wouldst not seek me, hadst thou not already found me." As we see the processional of the divine purpose advancing from chaos to character, in nature and in history, so we see the processional of the divine Presence lighting the way from brute-man to Christian, in the panorama of human prayer. When Professor George Albert Coe, as a little boy, told his mother that he could not see how God heard and answered his prayers, she replied with the wisdom of a discerning mystic, "May not your very impulse to pray be God's manifestation of himself to you?" This teaching, that the cry of our deeper need is the translated voice of God, is manifestly a part of the gospel of the Christ who said, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."

This thought, that our very longing is God's revelation, is most aptly illustrated in a story that comes out of the Near East, and makes pleasant reading in view of the unspeakable tragedies being enacted there today. A sick man, racked with pain and worn with many weary nights, cries to Allah, till with prayer his heart grows tender, and his soul is composed to trust and to rest. But with a new morning the fair spell is broken, for the old pain and doubt return, and

a subtle tempter seems to whisper, "Cry louder! See if Allah ever hear, or answer, 'Here am I!' again." His heart is chilled, and his brain is darkened. Then there visits him the devout Elias, asking, "Dost thou loathe thy former fervor; is thy soul of prayer afraid?" But the poor sufferer can only rejoin, "Though I have called so often, I have never heard the 'Here am I!' " It is now that the good Elias is given the sure and saving word, so finely rendered in Thorluck's lines:

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer, 'Come gracious Allah!' is my answer, 'Here am I!'
Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O, my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, My Child!' "

But the sense of need must become altruistic and intercessory, for God would find us supremely in our brotherly interest and in our social yearnings. So the mystic longing must readily rise above self-surrendering prayer, and the saintly aspiration must surpass all self-seeking petition. You can not pray greatly for yourself alone. Great prayer is always a social confession and compassion. In the very same experience in which we cast our own burden upon the Lord, we

must bear one another's burdens in deep sympathy, and so fulfil the law of Christ. God cannot find us, and we cannot largely find God in our prayers, if we worship only as personal beggars, and not also as public benefactors.

Even the prayer of penitence must be vicarious as well as individual. It must be ready to cry, with Isaiah of old, "I am a man of unclean lips!" but it must cry again, "I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips! for mine eyes have seen the Lord of hosts,—the God of men and nations sinful and needy like myself."

The prayer of need must match in some measure that of the vicarious Christ, and must breathe his yearning consecration, "For their sakes I sanctify myself; that they may be one; that the world may believe; that the world may know." The highest proof of the validity of prayer is its vicarious passion. It is a far-cry from the caveman's cringing and desperate call for the protection of his fetish or idol to the Christian's importunity for God's blessing even upon his enemies —reaching its climax in Christ's prayer upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The evolution of spiritual and vicarious longing in man is the life history of religion. Through it all runs the dominating demand, so well por-

trayed in Priscilla Leonard's poem, "The Birthright":

Each one born upon the earth
Possesses from the hour of birth
That which has nerved the struggling race
To every victory man can trace—
A talisman which urges on
Thro' battles lost to battles won—
A birthright some have called a curse,—
HUNGER—could anything be worse?

Yet HUNGER—first for bread, then love,
Then power, then truth, then things above—
Is man's eternal intimate,
As old as Time, as close as Fate;
And still it urges, with a cry
Beyond this world to satisfy,
Till, as it came with man, it goes
Beyond Death's portals that unclose,—
And man, still hungering, passes on
From out the known to the Unknown.

It was inevitable that at length the praying son should become a praying brother in the greatness of intercessory love; and it was a part of the divine providence that in the fulness of time the Supreme Son and Elder Brother should bow amid the shadows of Gethsemane and pray in agony for all mankind, as he drained the cup of yearning, suffering passion. And the holy meaning of that hour in the Garden is immeasurably enhanced as

we recall that, just before, at the table in the upper-room, Christ had taken the symbolic cup and returned thanks. Little wonder that A. C. Townsend should join so many others in celebrating that immortal hour in adoring song:

O Lamb of God, I silent stand
  Before thy mystery!
Thou gavest thanks with cup in hand
  For thine own agony.

O love unmeasured, love unknown!
  How couldst thou thankful be
To yield the glory of a throne
  To drink that cup for me!

O blood of Christ, transform in me
  This selfish heart of mine,
Till I shall wish my blood might be
  A lost world's saving wine!

In America, Abraham Lincoln has given the surpassing example of the glory of vicarious prayer. As John Drinkwater has so sympathetically affirmed: "He stood in the White House a high priest of humanity, an awestruck ministrant in the temple of God, performing the rites of liberty, justice, and mercy." It might also be said of Lincoln, and said with reverence, that he who knew no slavery, became slavery for his people, that they might become God's free men through him.

An infidel paper some time ago remarked editorially, "Never pray,—if you can help it." But so long as the finite needs the Infinite, man can not help it. So long as our lesser lives are lived in the Life of the Whole, our holiness and our wholeness will demand prayer. We may, and must, pray,—even though our prayer be but the inarticulate hunger of the soul. But to make our prayer articulate, intelligent, and intercessory is the high art of devotion, and it is also the highway of deliverance for the soul and for society.

The prayer that should be the master prayer of all our praying, and of all our mysticism, is the Lord's prayer itself. Here is a prayer that takes us at once to both the personal and the public altar, at which we find God where he finds us—in our individual need and aspiration, and in our social longing and love. Here is a prayer that finds the heart in the kindergarten of innocent childhood, in the penitential sanctuary of sin-stained manhood, and in the consecrating temple of forgiven and dynamic sonship and brotherhood. Here is a prayer that is becoming the world's rosary of worship, breathing its pater-noster of Adoration—"Our Father, hallowed be thy name"; its pater-noster of adventuring Love—"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven"; its pater-noster of Dependence—"Give us this day our daily bread";

its pater-noster of Penitence—"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors"; and its pater-noster of Freedom—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,—for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory. Amen."

Chapter IX

Finding God in Our Sense of Duty: Conscience

Find God where he finds you: find him in your sense of duty, or in your conscience.

But there are those who would tell us that conscience is only a derivation, and that there is no divinity about it. Yet divinity and derivation are interlocking facts. Derivation brings forward the divinity of the past; and the divinity of today ratifies or revises, according to the fresh conviction of the hour, the derived standards of former generations. The same divinity that shaped the ends of men and measures of ages gone, is reshaping the measures and the men of the present era. Conscience is both evolved and revealed,—in fact, all evolution is revelation and all revelation is evolution. Evolution is revelation unfolding, and revelation is evolution inbred and sustained. The sense of duty is thus both an inheritance and an inspiration. So the world goes forward from conscience to conscience and from grace to grace. The vital mystic

will hold the balance between reaction and radicalism. Yet in great crises of personal and public history, conscience may rightly become revolutionary with the pioneering and pilgrim spirit. There come crucial moments of change and challenge when the man of loyalty must bet his life for the new order, and follow the gleam though the heavens fall. Conscience must save men from compromise in hours of heroic demand, and instead of making cowards of us all, it must make us heroes and saviors in all moral adventure.

It is certain that conscience does not pay homage simply to itself. Men have always revered the moral imperative as if it were a god. Spiritual souls like Paul regard it as a holy Presence that can be grieved. Man's sense of duty is not an abstraction, but an adoration of the eternal moral Heart of things. It is the reverent realization that in God's light we see light. It is the worshipful recognition that there is a "master Light of all our seeing"—an infinite Conscience beyond man's finite conscience, inspiring an experience that may be expressed in lines mildly paralleling those of Professor Carruth's:

> A sense of truth and honor,
> And a mandate for the right;
> A still small voice of warning,
> And a vision of holy light,

Revealing the glory of goodness,
And the shame of hate and fraud:
Some of us call it Conscience,
And others call it—God.

While, in sober prose, conscience may not be the literal voice of God, it is yet the oracle in which the voice of God is heard, and through which it is interpreted. It is the place of hearing, the secret place of the Most High. However, conscience is not a special faculty. It is the moral conviction of the whole mind, for the whole life,—or it should be and may be. Again, it should lead into all truth—in science, art, music, letters, society, citizenship. It must become the voice of refinement as well as of righteousness—of esthetics as well as of ethics. Conscience will yet make all life's activities both sincere and serviceable. When men in all domains of life intimately and honestly touch reality, and truthfully portray or practice it, there will then be no such thing as religion for religion's sake, or as art for art's sake. Conscience will at length have its appropriate standards for all departments of life, but in such a manner that life will never be compartmented. Its final mandate is loyalty to our whole manhood, to the whole world of truth, and to the Holy Spirit of truth.

Kant compared the sublimity of the moral law within the soul to that of the starry heavens with-

out. But the sublimity of the stellar world would pass unseen were it not for the awesome spirit of man. Both the stars and the soul exist in deep reality for us, only because we can look up to the Maker of the constellations in worship, and can adventure with the Creator of conscience in the crusades of truth and love. It is God revealed in conscience that makes conscience august and magisterial. But still better, God revealed in conscience makes it the oracle of the Eternal Goodness.

So the call of duty is but the claim of the good. We are not to do good because it is right; we are rather to do right because it is good. There is no right for right's sake,—but only for love's sake. The rule of duty is the golden rule of goodness. There are no arbitrary standards. The sanctions of conscience are pragmatic and its claims are always humanitarian. And even the good must be sacrificed to the greater good. The final right is the higher good, the good saved from invertebrate amiability—as well as from utter default—through the imperative of superior service.

Conscience has been termed the good taste of the soul, on the one hand, and the categorical imperative, on the other; but the first title is too tame, and the second too savage. Conscience is

alike free, exacting, and gracious. It pays allegiance to the World-Will to be sure, but to a Will that is good will, as well as good taste, and that is a personal authority, and not an abstract obligation. Conscience bears rule neither by fate nor by fancy. It orders man's personal freedom with the dignity of law and the thoughtfulness of love, in response to both the law and the love of God.

There has been much dispute over the origin of conscience; but our concern is rather with the originative power of conscience now, as the progressive path-finding instinct and interest of the soul, ever discovering and creating fresh character and new citizenship. Although the primal endowment of conscience was probably part of the great mutation whereby man became man, yet for us the progress of conscience today is the first great care. For us the primary duty is to commune with the divine Mind till the deeper convictions dawn upon us, and to obey the divine Will till the higher power grips and masters us. Yet we must not expect this experience to be visited upon us magically, for it comes only inspirationally, and departs if its presence is unbidden or its mandates unobeyed. However, the sovereignty of conscience and the sovereignty of God carry on together,—and ever it is sure that

Right shall win since God is just:
The hardest lesson is to trust;
But his great plan still moves along:
Today is but the chrysalis
That holds tomorrow; feeling this,
Be patient and be strong.

Then, in the realm of conscience, man is also more than a discoverer,—he is a creator together with God. He must discover the divine will; but he must likewise construct the new order of human equity and good will. He must be creatively true to truth as he understands the truth, or conscience will falter and fail, and the light that is in him become darkness. Conscience learns only in the school of experience where obedience is better than sacrifice. Yet when the choice of a lower and a higher good is offered, the right demands that the higher be pursued even at the cost, if need be, of the outward life itself. Convenience is never a synonym for conscience, and a negative goodness will never satisfy the moral law.

As Marguerite Wilkinson declares, the neutral soul is guilty:

I never cut my neighbor's throat,
My neighbor's purse I never stole;
I never spoiled his house and land,—
But God have mercy on my soul!

For I am haunted night and day
By all the deeds I have not done;
O unattempted loveliness!
O costly valor never won!

Conscience is positive, heroic, productive. Its badge is power and progress. Yet a conscientious man of five thousand years ago was just as worthy of commendation, and just as much a factor of progress as is a conscientious man now. We have larger light and leading and so are bound by mightier bonds to the loyalties of a better day.

The standards of custom must never claim, and the rules of majorities must never chain, the adventuring conscience. The progress of the world in moral insight and spiritual liberty has been won by the pilgrims and the pioneers. Well may we arouse our own generation with the challenge of Dean Briggs' ardent lines:

Slaves of sloth and the senses,
Clippers of freedom's wings,
Come back to the Pilgrim's army
And fight for the King of kings;
Come back to the Pilgrim's conscience;
Be born in the nation's birth;
And strive again as simple men
For the freedom of the earth!

The crusader for conscience's sake will have to drive his ideals against many winds of tradi-

tion, and many waves of conventionality, and he will be summoned to sail his modern *Mayflower* across vast uncharted seas. He is pledged alike to the hazard and to the glory of the unfulfilled. He will have a new conscience, not only for many an ancient wrong, but also for many an undiscovered right and many an uncreated good. So the saint, who has tuned his prayer to the larger need, must alike turn his sense of duty to the larger light. And when God speaks conviction to his soul, it will be the imperative of social honor as well as the mandate of individual holiness,—of "public duty" as well as of "private thinking." Thus the enlightenment of the true religion will not only search the soul to find every hidden fault, but it will also scrutinize the account of one's outward stewardship to discern every practical dereliction, and to discover every presumptuous sin of commission, and of omission. The holy of holies of the modern mystic may at times be found in deep seclusion, but it must also be found in the market-place, in the counting-room, and in the arena of affairs, —"where cross the crowded ways of life." Jesus told Nicodemus that if he were uplifted by the birth from above, it would be only that he might get a bigger vision, and so better see the kingdom of God on earth. The one final test of a reborn conscience is just this social vision. Nicodemus

was evidently a conventionally correct and a charmingly companionable fellow,—but he had not greatly seen the kingdom of God. The mystic conscience must yet give us a new compact for business and a new covenant for politics, national and international. When the new religion demands such a new repentance and such a new obedience, then the path of the just will be a shining light; "then," in the majestical phrase of Christ, "shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." There can be no majesty to our mysticism until it illuminates the world where men live; there can be no kingliness to conscience until it dictates terms to all human affairs; there can be no social sainthood until men put daylight above dividends, and the public weal above private greed, or group aggrandizement.

The true mystic conscience will give us the passion of a crusading sincerity. It will light the flame of a sustained and campaigning enthusiasm. The deeper sense of obligation will carry us into the actual lists on the field of opportunity. The author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" has portrayed, among other characters, a personality of high talents and much graciousness, who yet failed of this commanding conviction and dedication. Of him the writer is led to say, "He has many of the marks of greatness, but

none of its fires. He has never felt the call of battle,—only the call of duty."

We have seen too much of mysticism in retreat; we have seen enough of mysticism marking time; now the urgency of duty and the imperative of conscience demand mysticism imperial and pioneering,—mysticism that shall answer the ringing call of Lawrence Binyon's high appeal:

And here too, is the new world, born of pain,
In destiny-spelling hours. The old world breaks
Its mold, and life runs fierce and fluid—a stream
That floods, dissolves, remakes:
Each pregnant moment, charged to its extreme,
Quickens the unending future; and all's vain
But the onward mind that dares the oncoming years
And takes their storm—a master. Life shall then
Transfigure Time with yet more marvellous Men:
Hail to the Sunrise! Hail to the Pioneers!

Chapter X

Finding God in Our Sentiment of Love: Fellowship

Find God where he finds you: find him in your sentiment of love, or in your fellowship.

As all roads led to Rome, so all other avenues of life converge in the imperial grace of love. Herein we find ourselves most deeply, and herein we also most wonderfully find God. But love is not a thing apart; it is rather a part of all good things, and to it all good things impart their blessing. Prayer at its best is vicarious love; the sense of duty at its best is righteous love; conscious will at it best is always good will, or forth-putting love; and even the World-Will of God is God's will to love. We love because God first loved us. He is love's everlasting Source, and so we may well sing,

A heart of deep compassion,
Attuned to others' needs,
A spirit of cheer and challenge,
And a witness of golden deeds,

With a charm of kindling manhood,
Like the grace of Christ the Lord:
Some call it Lovingkindness,
And others call it—God.

But while we call the Source God, we realize that the resource of love is in ourselves. So again, our mysticism is personalism and not pantheism. God's love is the whole exhaustless mine of riches; our love is a little of the coined gold of the realm. In God's love-light we see light, and so our personalities become kindly and kindling. The love-light shines brighter and holier in the hearts of good men than anywhere else in the universe as now known to us. It shone supremely in the heart of the divine man, Christ Jesus. All the urgency of love entering our souls is but the unction of God's presence, and yet, as it passes through the alembic of our experience, it becomes essentially and individually our own. So we discover most deeply what God reveals when we let his divinity shape our ends through the dynamic of our personal love.

In all this, we are but saying, Find God supremely in your family spirit, filial towards God himself, and fraternal towards all men. Man can have the larger mystic communion and be graciously at home with God, only as he shares that home with his brothers. All love is of a piece. Worshipping love and working love can

never be partitioned. Adoring love and ministering love fail in their fulness if divorced. So the new mysticism will not only love God, but it will love with God and like God. Mediæval mysticism sought to experience God mainly in mutual admiration and snug reciprocity. The modern brand essays to love God no less adoringly and endearingly, but it ventures to find him supremely by joining him in his crusading good will towards men. "God so loved the world that he gave." And God still so loves the world that he gives. We meet and know God surpassingly only when we meet and know him in self-giving kindness. They are not the loveliest or the happiest children who are always snuggling about their parents. The happiest and the loveliest children are those who share with their parents all the ministering love of the home. So the lovelist children to the heart of God, and the happiest children in their own hearts, too, are not those who seek mainly to be his precious pets, but rather those who seek to please him perfectly in the attentions and thoughtfulness that make God's earthly family gracious and strong. Do we not hear God the Father speaking through Christ the Son, as he says, "If ye love me, feed my lambs; tend my sheep"? Love must socialize our mysticism even in the secret place of the Most High.

The evolution of love has been God's superlative revelation. We may wonder at the slowness of the process, but we must wonder more at the consummation. David Starr Jordan, who knows evolution as a scientist, and yet experiences religion as a Christian, has glimpsed in expressive verse this vast process:

> In the life of the fern and the lily,
> Of the dragon and the dove,
> Still through the stress and the struggle
> Waxes the bond of love;
>
> Out from the ruthless ages
> Rises, like incense mild,
> The love of the man and the woman,
> The love of the mother and child.

"If you have loved profoundly," says Maeterlinck, "you have needed no one to tell you that your soul was a thing as great in itself as the world." He might have added that all true love makes the soul greater than all worlds, since love is the incarnation of the life of God, while all outward nature is only his creation.

We love, not alone because God first loved us, but also because, at the last, love is the only force that can fulfil the soul. There can be no goal but love, even as there can be no source of all good but love. And love is the final hope. It is

through love's ultimate power that, in spite of all loss, we can still sing with Matherson,

> O Love that wilt not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in thee;
> I give thee back the life I owe,
> That in thine ocean depth its flow
> May richer, fuller be!

That is a significant sequence in the Scriptures: "Thou shalt fear the Lord"; "Thou shalt love the Lord"; "Perfect love casteth out fear." There is no better proof of the reality of love—of the divinity within us and the divinity behind us—than this victory over fear. In the supreme sacrifice and service of love, man becomes perfect even as his heavenly Father is perfect. Do we not herein find a plausible interpretation of Christ's difficult counsel of perfection?

It has recently been said of a distinguished religious leader of the 18th century, "He resented the fondling, amorous language which is characteristic of some mystics, and which in our day has been defined as 'sublimated eroticism.'" The new mysticism may and must be saved from this charge; but it can be thus saved only as it is surcharged with the righteousness of love. Paul struck the keynote of such invigorating love when, in praying for the members of the Ephesian church, he said, "For this cause I bow my

knees unto the Father,—that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be *strong*." As some one has indicated, there is all the difference in the world between our feeling good, and our being men of good feeling. Good feeling is always noble and stalwart. Effeminate familiarity, either with God or man or woman, is no endurable part of religion or of life; and mysticism need no more involve eroticism than sympathy need involve sentimentality. The only cure for the evils of weak love is more love and stronger love.

Then, the love in which God is revealed is not only a kindly love, but a kindling love. We love others best, not so much by cherishing them as by challenging them. If we would have creative mysticism, we must have creative love. We must love people unto life. "The love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best." There is scant profit in giving others lavishing love, unless it is also lifting love. Coddling love can make only mollycoddles in return. Love must discover and requisition personality in others, and help kindle into a flame the gift of God that is in them. We must be noble in love, and then "the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet [our] own."

The real joy of the mystic experience can never

come to those who seek to find God while escaping human responsibility, but rather to those who truly find him by espousing their duty in love. The psalmist has put this thought into classic phrase, "Because thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." So the real mystic will live a tonic life among men, and the peace that God leaves with him will be the exhilaration of good will.

You can not deeply find God, even as one of his sons, unless you find him in associated sonship,—and associated sonship is always brotherhood. If we can not cultivate communion with God, and yet associate with men, then we are neither manly nor godlike,—and even in speaking of communion, we have used the wrong word. How could we do otherwise than deplore as less than Christian—if not actually unchristian—the attitude of Thomas à Kempis, recorded in "The Imitation": "As often as I have been among men, I returned home less a man than I was before"? If this utterance indicates the actual temper of his life, he must really have lost God through lack of love, rather than have found him through the greatness of love.

Jesus tells us that the very validity and acceptability of our own sonship to God depend upon our brotherly love,—and not upon our love

of brotherly men alone, but upon our love of even our enemies; for did he not say, "Love your enemies, that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven"? To Jesus' thought, God is Father even of the prodigal; but it is also plain to his mind that there can be no sainthood or sonship worthy of the name without vicarious and self-sacrificing brotherliness. And it was in the same spirit that Paul wrote the great confession, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Then, it is certain that Christ himself found God supremely where God found him—in the love that reached even to Calvary, to seek and to save the sonship of other men, to the glory of God the Father. So love to the uttermost is itself the uttermost proof of God; and the revelation of sonship is manifest surpassingly in the realization of brotherhood. Divine adoration is impossible without the offering of human affection. The altar of the highest devotion to God is but the place of our deepest dedication to our fellow men.

Thus God finds us supremely in our love; and it is an unspeakable privilege to know that if we love anybody, it is because God first loved us. Yet it is an equal privilege to know that in our own love we are not only receiving and manifesting the love of God, but are also returning his

love, and are gladdening his heart with our love. This great truth is wonderfully declared in the words of John, the beloved disciple, "We know the love that God hath *in us;* God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." John might have said, "He that abideth in God abideth in love"; but he preferred to turn the truth around, and to declare that every real lover of his kind lives in the love of God. So all human love is a revelation of the eternal love of the Father, and is a real experience of his grace. He who loves at all, to that extent knows God—and he ought to know that he knows him. A nurse had built a fire in the rear of the rifle-pits of a fighting regiment, and was preparing to serve hot food and drink to the wounded and weary, when an officer passing by asked, "Who told you to build those fires?" The nurse answered with the final logic of love, "God Almighty, sir." She was a devout mystic; she found God where he found her—in ministering goodness. She knew God; and, fortunately, she knew that she knew him. The fire on her mystic altar must have been doubly pleasing to God, since she worshipped where she worked.

To be sure, the closet and the church will be needed,—yet never to withdraw men from life, but always to teach them this precious gospel of

life. We should go to the sanctuary of public devotion to meet the common Father in communion with our brothers, and to make ready to meet all men amid the week-day contacts of life in the same high spirit of fellowship and of dynamic good will. We should go to church to gain the larger perspective, and to inspire our mysticism with Christian optimism. We should go to get the new-world vision and expectation of Whittier:

The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me,
Of what mankind shall be—
Pure, generous, brave, and free;

A dream of man and woman,
Diviner, but still human;
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the age of gold.

Ring bells in unreared steeples
The joy of unborn peoples,
Sound trumpets, far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

Chapter XI

Finding God in the Audacity of Faith: Immortality

> Find God where he finds you: find him in the audacity of your faith, and in the immortal reach of your soul.

If mysticism is the immediate consciousness of a loving God, what has it to do with anything so tremendous as the audacity of faith? But why should not the consciousness of God be as tremendous as it is tender, and as robust as it is delightful? If it is a terrible thing for the sinner to fall into the hands of the living God, it must be a tremendous thing for the saint. The hands of the living God are not only corrective hands and comforting hands; they are also courageous and masterful hands. Nothing less than an audacious faith can even conceive the God who is the architect of a new heaven and a new earth. The four-square glory of a New Jerusalem, stone-built out of lively and loyal men, is no mere pious dream, but the most daring and audacious enterprise in the universe. When we realize that it means all our cities and all our citizenship, reared

into a commonwealth of God, can we doubt that the faith that shall claim and construct this vision must be the most tremendous of adventures? The sweetest mystic fellowship is just this yoke-fellowship of believing men in the creative companionship of their Father and of their brothers. This is indeed the master-mysticism, for it is communion with the master will of the good God who is building a civilization of good will on earth.

The genius of Christianity is neither resignation to suffering on the one hand, nor resistance to sin on the other. Its true genius is a positive and renewing force. Its main attitude is one neither of endurance nor of opposition, but one of affirmation and of endeavor. Then, Christian experience is not only a contact with the peace of God; it is also a contract with his power. So there is always danger of "the serenity of the empty mind"; but there is equal danger of the serenity of the full mind,—of the mind filled with complacent thinking and with inoperative ideals. As a *Christian Century* editorial remarks, "Serenity, undisturbed by the yeast of vital thought, is a singularly sad and unlovely thing. . . . A good deal of restlessness is rather better than absence of vitality." However, creative adventure is not mere adventuring. It must know neither bluster nor bravado. It must never

suggest Don Quixotic crusading against windmills. It is to be clear-visioned, constructive campaigning for truth and humanity.

But the Bible tells us to be humble. What fellowship have humility and audacity? Much every way. To be humble enough to accept the will of God and do it is the most forthright thing in the world. "Not my will, but thine be done" means not less will, but more will. To be humble enough to quit our own wilful tangents and to get into the orbit of the divine will means a tremendous forward movement along the whole trunk-line of God's adventuring purpose. To walk humbly with God we must love mercy and do justly in the heroic contacts of exacting service and of exalted citizenship. Humility is no more reclusive than it is obtrusive. It is the trustful confidence of souls dynamically dependent upon the world-will of almighty God. So the meek inherit the earth, and the little flock is freed from fear and given the keys of the kingdom. Christ himself is the Lamb of God—but he is also "the Lamb in the midst of the throne." And it is enough for the disciple that he be even as his Lord. So humility is quitting one's petty will, and doing the sweet, but sweeping will of God, till the kingdom come, and the will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

It was a luminous insight that kindled in

the soul of Donald Hankey during the experience of the Great War: "Religion is just betting one's life that there is a God." That is life's best bet, breathing alike the humility of trust and the audacity of faith. And it is certainly the voice of virile mysticism, for it pledges devout but dynamic contact with God for great ends. It ventures to prove God by daring to do his will. It throws life into the furnace with an abandon that is the final logic for the issue of pure gold. Here then is no betting on any man-made wheel-of-fortune, but rather staking one's very soul on the divine providence in human affairs. Here are loyal acceptance of the integrity of the world, intrepid advance into the moral order, and hence the assured discovery of what soldierly souls have recently called "the real thing."

To bet one's life that there is a God is to live like a son of God. Then only do men begin to know how excellent is God's name in all the earth. This is at once the childlike trust and the chivalrous faith of the eighth psalm, through which alone men deeply realize that God is mindful of them and visiteth them. And when men thus bet their lives, God takes them into the high places of delight and of dominion, and puts all things under their feet. Jesus Christ appropriates this excellent psalm, changes its "ordained

strength" into "perfected praise," and draws all men unto himself as the Prince and Perfecter of adoring and audacious faith. He spoke the devout but dauntless word, "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and he staked his life even on the cross for its fulfilment. History has vindicated the sublime audacity of his faith. By such faith, worlds are framed, and that which is unseen is made into that which is seen. By such faith, arks of salvation are built for families and nations. By such faith, kingdoms are subdued, righteousness is wrought, and promises are fulfilled. And this is mysticism—the living knowledge of God. It may not be the mediæval type, but it is the Christian type, and must be the modern type.

There have been many brothers and sisters of the Christ who also have staked their lives on the vision of God and on the validity of heroic goodness. Such a one was Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College, who was able to say, "There is nothing in God's universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it." She was a practical mystic whose audacious faith builded even better than she knew, and became an emancipating ministry to the womanhood of the world.

In the mystic life, every man must discover for himself what others have discovered before

him. He has the advantage of their light and leading, but he must ratify their findings in his own conscience, and carry on for himself.

It is said that Mrs. Humphrey Ward once in her young womanhood fell into the lassitude of doubt. But she was rescued by a challenge to audacious faith. Sitting in her garden one day, she was roused by a voice in her conscience: "Act as if I were, and you shall know that I am!" She, too, made life's best bet, and staked her soul and her service for the knowledge of God. Conviction came with the creative purpose.

God is not a dogma, but a demonstration. Paul, who spoke many words of theology, yet did not put his dependence mainly on the logic of thought, but rather upon the life of the soul, for he declares, "My speech was not in persuasive wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Paul was at once simple enough and audacious enough to prove all things, and to hold fast, and hold forth, that which was good. He had staked his life upon God in Christ, and so he himself had found God as a Christian.

While everything once discovered has to be rediscovered, we do not stop at that. There are more worlds to conquer. "Into all truth" is Christ's challenge to the adventuring mystic.

In line with this interpretation is Joseph Fort Newton's vivid definition: "Religion is the in-

stinct to explore God." All exploration is audacious, and the supreme audacity essays the supreme task—the acquired experience of the living God. Man the discoverer must meet God the Revealer where God is touching life today. If man trusts only the past and has no conquering faith now, he is not a mystic. One may have a world of archeology without a wisp of audacity. Others have labored, but we enter into their labors vitally only as we, too, take our place in the laboratory of the present, and make that laboratory our sanctuary. Every man must win the world anew, and win a new world besides—if he would be a mystic and not just an inherited memory.

But in exploring God we must have a care not to exploit him. There is always great temptation to use God's power without doing God's will. The lure of greatness, when divorced from the golden rule and from great creative ends, is the call of the devil of man's own littleness. When a man, thus dominated by megalomania, rests from his labors, there are no real works to follow him. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." So Christ bids us "tarry" in our self-seeking, if we would "receive power from on high." Many high-powered men seem not to know that there is any Holy Ghost of social justice, of industrial mercy, or of political humility. Still there is an

audacity of Christian faith which is as reverent as it is compelling. What constitutes a real mystic is not mere meekness, but meekness that inherits the earth and appropriates the world for God.

Whatever man can dream, man can do—some day,—and he better be about beginning it now. God is still the Maker, and he is taking man into creative partnership. Then man himself should be most of all in the making today. This is the age for the enrichment, the enlargement, and the extension of personality, for personality is yet to be vastly enriched in heart power, enlarged in spiritual wisdom, and extended into the common—and uncommon—interests, inventions, and institutions that will at length make our complex life constructively and cooperatively Christian. This program ought to be thrilling enough to enlist the sublime audacity of all dauntless spirits. Our commission is to make all discovery and every invention serve the ends and errands of this new chivalry. Or to elevate the figure, and to borrow a metaphor, these inventions and discoveries are to be but "the wings and the trumpet of the angel flying in mid-heaven, having the everlasting gospel to proclaim."

Maude Royden tells us that one of her not distant ancestors used to declare that if God had intended that man should fly, he would have

made him with wings at the outset. But do we not know that God does not work that way at all? He never makes anything complete at the outset. In fact, man himself has more than hardly begun to be made,—has hardly more than set out with God on the long trek of adventure and achievement. Man is slowly learning to be a partner with God in the new creation. But alas, there has been and is still so much unfaith persisting in the materialism, in the commercialism, and even in the creedalism of men! Yet the new day is dawning. Man is getting his wings.

When Jesus said, "Ye believe in God; believe also in me," he seems to have meant: Believe in me, not as a lonely intercessor, but believe in me as your own way of life, as the prince among men who is perfecting your own faith, as the brotherly inspirer of your own brotherhood, as the companion of your own crusades, and as the master-builder among many builders in the temple of God on earth. But in place of the audacity of dynamic faith, so many churchmen, even, are still substituting the inertia of static creeds, while the profiteers and the politicians are busy taking toll of the existing order, and the militarists are preaching doubt and despair of all human idealism. Yet new forces of hope and adventure are now coming to the front to break

this spell of standpatism, stupidity and selfishness. The poets are more and more joining the ranks of the prophets. The day can not be far distant when an innumerable company of red-blooded men will share the high sentiment of singers like Charles Hanson Town:

Old world, old world of wars and pain,
Old world of captains proudly slain,
I hear the tread of the noisy years,
And the iron beat of the rain!

Old world, I am tired of things now dead,
Of memories and prayers long said;
I sigh for the quickening pulse of youth,
And a new star overhead!

New world, new world, no ivied walls,
No ruins stand where your young voice calls;
Over your clean new domes and towers
Only the sunlight falls!

New world, new world, bring more than this—
Build many a bright metropolis,
And snatch from the old world's beauty and dreams
A greater world of bliss!

Still, however bright may be any metropolis on earth, we have here no long continuing city. And our present citizenship has permanent value to our souls only because we believe it to be but part of an eternal order. As the author of Eccle-

siastes declares, in one of the most cheerful insights of the book,—God hath put eternity in the heart of things. And whatever may be our status after death, we are convinced, in our supreme moments, that we are immortal now. We experience the present uses of immortality and know the power of an endless life. The mystic especially enjoys this vital conviction, which he regards as an organic reaction to an eternal sustaining environment. This consciousness constitutes the fact which Adelaide Proctor has celebrated in her poem, "The Grand Amen." It alone links all perplexed meanings into the perfect peace of God. It was this consciousness that led the soldier boys to speak of "the real thing," and that put onto their lips that one deathless phrase of the World War—"Gone West." No wonder Gertrude Knevels was moved to write so wonderfully:

Shall I wear mourning for my soldier dead—
I, a believer?—Give me red;
Or give me royal purple for the King
At whose high court my love is visiting;
Dress me in green for growth, for life made
new;
For skies his dear feet march, dress me in blue;
In white for his white soul; robe me in gold
For all the pride that his new rank shall hold:
In earth's dim gardens blooms no hue too bright
To dress me for my love who walks in light.

Say not, This is only poetry,—it is indeed the prophecy and urge of immortal life itself. Even Ingersoll forgot "the cold and barren peaks of two eternities," as he spoke at his brother's funeral, and in warm words of faith, as well as of affection, uttered the irrepressible assurance of his soul, "In the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." Deep in his heart, below the clash of controversy and the clutter of human conceits, there was still the deathless answer to God. Ingersoll, like all other men in the supreme tests of life, was a mystic and an immortal.

It is hardly the purpose of this chapter to resort to argument; but it is not unfitting to confess with Charles Darwin, "It is an intolerable thought that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation, after such long continued progress." It is rather altogether befitting to cry with Markham,

Be brave, O heart! be brave!
It is not strange that man survives the grave:
'Twould be a stranger thing, were he destroyed,
Than that he ever vaulted from the void.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, that almost universal genius—physician, philosopher, poet, novelist—writes in his story, "Characteristics":

"I have seen countless deaths in battle, execu-

tions, deathbeds—men, women and children. Death has never quite lost for me its awfulness. The materialism which makes it seem the mere stopping of a machine, into which I once reasoned myself, lessened and left me long ago. Once, by a death bed in a hospital, I heard a surgeon say, as a man ceased to breathe, 'It has stopped; the engine has ceased to go.' His senior, an old man, replied, 'No,; the Engineer has left it.' I have ceased to reason about it. At every dead man's side, I feel more and more that something, as immaterial as the Being who willed the thing to live, has escaped me and my analysis. Life seems to me a thing as real, as positive, as death; and, trust me, St. Clair, as we live on and on, we get to have more and more trust in recognition of truths indefensible by mere logic."

Even Edison tells us that life does not cease to exist with the event we call death; that life, like matter, is indestructible; and that there are "life-units" that never die. He calls this new life, into which the life-units emerge at death, the "butterfly existence." He makes this declaration, although he disclaims any conviction that conscious human individuality persists beyond the grave. However, it is immensely significant if science can, for example, show that the life-units from the individual's brain continue to exist. If the units of life live on, then why not the

unity of the life, or consciousness? If science can assert the immortal continuity of life, why should not consciousness assert its own continuance? If the caterpillar had self-consciousness similar to man's, it could be expected to assert its own coming emergence into the butterfly state of existence. The butterfly being is already a becoming in the caterpillar. And evidently human immortality is, even in our earthly state, a vital urge, and an organic becoming in our individual lives. If we are ever to be immortal, it is because we are beginning to be immortal now; it is because there are now living within us the unconscious life-units, and the conscious life unity, that make continuity possible. Thus the mystic sense of immortality may be the most vital and valid evidence in the world.

So, to the soul today, immortality is not something superadded, but it is the success and succession of the soul itself on its high adventure. It is the prophetic struggle in the chrysalis that holds the eternal tomorrow. It is the vital, and so logical, emergence of the nascent life, even now conscious in great moments of its endless career. It is a dream, and it is a dynamic; it is a veritable dayspring from on high; for only immortal day can answer the interminable demands of the soul. Call it a dream, if you will. But everywhere else the dream is coming true,

"and God doth make divinely real the highest form of our ideal." As man's sense of reality has never failed him with each onward step, so surely it does not fail him at the threshhold of death. In all discovery and attainment, man has always gone westward with pioneering certainty; and when at length it is said, "He has 'Gone West' indeed," it will be but the crowning realization of the continuing life in God.

One of the most assuring of modern pathfinders and pilgrims—who has crossed the bar almost within the past year—Lyman Abbott, wrote not long before his death, "I look forward to the great adventure with awe, but not with apprehension. I have always stood in the bow, with hopeful anticipation of the life before me. When I put out to sea, I think I shall still be standing in the bow and looking forward with eager curiosity and glad hopefulness to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me."

This assurance of knightly souls, confronting the great beyond, is not only the pilgrim's passport to immortality; it is more—it is the experience of immortality itself, of the "indissoluble life" in God. When Charles Frohman, standing on the deck of the sinking *Lusitania*, exclaimed, "Why fear death? Death is the most beautiful experience of life," he had already laid hold on immortality, and was living the mystic

romance of two worlds, in the conscious triumph of the undying spirit. Thus the true pilgrim not only follows the gleam, but he essays the unknown through the deathless urgency of the life of God in his soul. And so our pioneering faith sings with Dean Briggs—and sings undauntedly:

And when we sail, as Pilgrims' sons and daughters,
The spirit's *Mayflower* into seas unknown,
Driving across the waste of wintry waters
The voyage that every soul shall make alone,
The Pilgrim's faith, the Pilgrim's courage grant us;
Still shines the truth that for the Pilgrim shone:
We are his seed: nor life nor death shall daunt us—
The port is Freedom! Pilgrim heart, sail on!

Chapter XII

Finding God in Both Scientific and Saintly Interest: Evolution

Find God where he finds you: find him in your scientific investigation of reality and in your saintly quest of truth.

If the world were a finished mechanism, and the Creator had retired, then scientific study could not find anything of a present living God. But if God is still the Creator, operative in every atom, electron, cell, and thought, science indeed touches his presence and feels his pulse in all these reaches of reality, as they come within its scrutiny. Science, however, should reach its climax in psychology—in the study of the human soul itself. Mud and muscle, nerve and brain, are but the outskirts of God's ways,—the mind is his intimate and peculiar domain. So science must found no final conclusions upon its scrutiny of lesser facts than those of the mind itself; and it must bring, even to the study of lower nature, the inspirational and interpretative power of human nature. If the scientist finds evidence of a creative genius in the processes of nature,

then he can not be an atheist, and if he finds God in nature because nature finds God in himself, he is not even an agnostic,—he is a mystic.

We do not accept the world as any God made it; we accept the world as the living God is making it, and is yet to make it. We believe in revelation, but in progressive revelation; in evolution, but in creative evolution. And whatever else may or may not be true for science, it is always true that we are living in the midst of some sort of present creation; and it is the beginning now as truly as it ever has been or ever can be. Faith in some present creatively sustained order is the pioneering spirit of all science, as of all religion. If the scientist discerns, everywhere that he touches nature, such a creatively sustained procedure, how can he say, as one has recently said, "Science finds no facts at all that justify any world-view whatever"? It is such hasty and indifferent conclusions that may have given George Santayana some justification for remarking, "Apparently there is not enough energy in the human intellect to look both ways at once, and to study the world scientifically while living in it spiritually." Such a confession would be pathetic indeed if its implication were widely true. How refreshing it is to hear such an eminent scientist and evolutionist as John Fiske declaring, "Of all the implications of the doctrine

of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion"!

The guiding convictions of a scientist always go before and beyond his concrete findings. So he has to be a prophet, at least in his peculiar domain. He always has a field of assurance outside the focus of his scrutiny. In fact, there would never be any scrutiny at all, or any attempt at finding anything in any focus, if there were no directing faith in something to be found. The scientist, as well as the saint, abounds in prophetic intimations, and is as essentially justified by faith. For him, too, "faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." Yet a modern scientist has just said, "Where knowledge is attainable, faith in anything else than the validity of our mechanisms for acquiring evidence is unnecessary." But how can any scientist, without faith, ever surmise that any knowledge is attainable at all? The very conviction and declaration of attainability are in themselves a colossal confession of faith.

And furthermore, the scientist's faith is always a much bigger thing than confidence in his own specific working-hypothesis, or expectation, which he is seeking to substantiate; it is as well faith in the creative sustaining order,—and therefore virtually faith in the Creator himself. This

conviction of the margin, or region beyond, is indicated in a sentence from the letter of an eminent American biologist, recently received by the present writer: "We do not need to know [scientifically] in order to be devout, and to have the most complete faith that all is well in the regions where knowledge can not be achieved." There are then two degrees of faith,—faith in the concrete matter or fact which we expect sometime scientifically to demonstrate, and faith in the margin of greater facts beyond—that is, faith in the supreme reality that Dewey calls The Whole, and that many delight to call God. This latter experience, at its best, is the larger mystic faith which gives us what Paul calls "the peace of God that passeth all understanding," and which, in the most gracious souls, becomes the realization of "the love of God that passeth knowledge." So the explicit research of the scientist is sustained finally by his implicit faith in the regions beyond. Science, in believing in the goals of its own quests, really believes in the illimitable, for there are always goals beyond the goals, even as there are stars behind the stars. Science has come to believe audaciously that it can conquer more and more the facts and forces of light, heat, electricity, radioactivity, and vital energy, and harness them to the uses of human life. What a tragedy if any paralysis should ever fall

upon this achieving faith of modern science! But how much greater the tragedy if science should try to achieve the denial of the regions beyond! There is, however, one other tragedy as pathetic —the tragedy of the unfaith of that so-called religion that would put the ban of its proscription upon free and full scientific research. It is time now, among both scientists and saints, for mutual congratulations and manly cooperation. And the time seems past forever when the scientific believer can any longer logically refuse to be a man of saintly faith, or the saintly believer refuse to be a man of scientific faith. In the past, the saints have overmuch confessed God, without contracting with him for a new world; and the scientists have overmuch exploited God, without acknowledging him in any adequate confession.

As we have noted, scientific experiment and progress, like religious progress and experience, wait upon the audacity of faith. Edison and Marconi alike bet their scientific lives that there is a world of undiscovered wonder and worth, and they stake all to win its secrets. Their intuitions have been almost uncanny. No saint could be more audacious in believing in God than Marconi and Edison have been in believing in Nature.

The process is the same for saint and scientist—intuition, initiative, discovery. The inva-

sion of any undiscovered country is an adventure of faith, and the explorations of mystical religion give just as valid findings as do those of modern science. But the religious validity is not only equally trustworthy; it is vastly more valuable. Surely real religion and real science should adventure happily together, for they pursue the same method. And then, the fundamentals of their faith lie alike in the domain of the intuitions. How akin to the great pronouncements of religion are the great postulates of science? The great scientists really stake their experimental lives on the Dependability of Law, the Boundlessness of Space, and the Everlastingness of Time; while the great saints in turn stake their experimental lives on the Trustworthiness of the Moral Order, the Limitless Life of the Good Spirit, and the Immortality of the Human Soul. And again, these are not only matters of inference; these are concerns of intuition. To the audacity of faith, universal dependability is only another name for universal Divinity. It is high time for the scientist to bet his life that the world has a Soul, and that he has a soul himself. And he is always practically, if not pronouncedly, doing so. Then, as we have seen, it is certainly high time that the devotees of religion should accord to scientific conclusions the deepest respect,

even as they desire for their own convictions the highest regard.

So modern science and mystical religion are at one in their procedure. Both are pragmatic, and neither must be dogmatic. Both are concerned with the experience of reality already attested; and both are also concerned with the experimentation, adventuring and audacious, by which alone new experiences of reality are acquired. As for the future—in the eagerness of their quest, religion and science should always be allies, and never antagonists. Both must be more for the dynamic and less for the dogmas. The psychology of religion, and not its metaphysical philosophy, is the domain of the mystic; and herein is the heaven of everlasting moral and spiritual adventure. In this heaven, Christian romance takes the place of credal rationalism, and static contemplation passes into vital communion with the wonder-working Will of God. For the ardent worshiper, as for the eager scientist, there are waiting wonders. And ever the Almighty himself awaits "the revealing of the sons of God," before the expectations of his new creation can be fulfilled. "In the beginning—God." And still we are always in the dawn of a fresh beginning *with* God. For us the most tremendous and vital beginnings are now, and to-morrow, and forever. Certainly spiritual discovery will keep pace with

scientific discovery, and match every material advance with some mystic adventure of reverence, righteousness and love. In the remote beginnings, God wrought without us, but now, in the realm of the new humanity, and of the commonwealth of men, "Surely the Lord Jehovah will do nothing, except he reveal his secrets unto his servants the prophets." Do we dream the wonder of these secrets, and will we do the works until the wonder dawns into day?

It is a cheap assumption that, when science has explained some natural fact or procedure, it has thereby banished God to that extent. Scientific knowledge of processes never accounts at all for origins, or for the sustaining dynamic of any fact. Even if Professor Loeb should coax life into existence anew in his laboratory, that laboratory would be no less the sanctuary of the divine creative Presence and power, than was the laboratory of primeval nature, when the first life-cell emerged into being. Why should not science help God create, as well as itself discover what he has created or is creating? Do we not expect creative saints to go beyond the discovery of truth, and to assist God in bringing truth to birth in new creative life and civilization now? Such creative power of the prophet and of the world-patriot is the supreme proof of the existence and of the experience of God. And if the

scientist should ever succeed in producing life anew, he would thereby, in his own way and to that extent, only demonstrate the fact of God the present Creator. But even this would not be the great miracle of creation. Alfred Noyes has put into lyric expression a question that reveals the supreme creative miracle of God:

Will you have courage then to bow the head,
And say, when all is said—
"Out of nothingness arose our thought;
This black abysmal nought
Woke and brought forth . . . out of thin air
Pageants of praise and prayer;
. . . From the dark mire
One martyr ringed with fire,
Or from that nothingness, by special grace,
One woman's love-lit face"?

We cannot abide to-day either a mediæval or a materialistic psychology. The scientist talks about "the validity of sensations." But how about the validity of sentiments? Are we not cumulatively eliminating in both realms what a modern scientist has called "pure illusions"? Attested sentiments are just as valid as attested sensations. Any noble, concrete sentiment of duty, love, or moral heroism is as little illusory as the scent of a rose, the combining ratio of two elements, or the vital mechanics of Mendelian matings. And further, while all these are finite find-

ings, they involve the infinite, at least as a principle, if not as a Person. Then is it accurate to say, as has lately been said, that science is finite, while religion is infinite? In its concrete reactions, religion, even, is as finite as the human soul; but both science and religion, in the reach of their implications, touch infinity and eternity. Professor Vernon Kellogg, of Stanford University, gives expression to this extra-marginal faith, in his recent book, "Human Life as the Biologist Sees It," and so remarks, "It is this extra-laboratory observation and realization of the actualities of human life that make it, even to the biologist, the vivid, many-coloured, suggestive, thrilling thing it is, the thing so full of occasionally realized great moments, and of glimpses of infinitely great possibilities, and sometimes it seems of mystery,—all something more than of this world, and hence all something quite hopeless to study by the methods of science, or even quite hopeless profitably to wonder about. Why not take it and make the most of it?" Good! But how can we make the most of it without wonder,—without worship?

And so the longings, the importunate demands, the imperial outreachings, and the high potencies and prophecies of the human life, are at once the divine quest of the soul and the beginning of its satisfaction. They are the evidences

of creative evolution, and of constructive revelation as well. Then, if we are still being created, we can know our Creator; if we are still being made, we may and should know our Maker. Thus, in man, evolution is becomnig conscious revelation. Through his creative faith, man touches the regions beyond and knows that all is well; he feels the changeless Presence in the midst of all change; he experiences the immutable in all mutations; he follows the gleam, and in the supreme sacrifice, finds even death the most beautiful adventure of life. In this glory of pursuit and possession combined, we may rejoice with Don Marquis, who but yesterday put this breath of the eternal reality into high poetic expression:

Yes, nothing seems changeless but change;
  And yet through the creed-wrecking years,
  One story forever appears:

The tale of a City Supernal,
The whisper of Something Eternal—
A passion, a hope, and a vision
  That peoples the silence with powers;
A fable of meadows Elysian,
  Where Time enters not with his hours:
Manifold are the tale's variations,
  Race and clime ever tinting the dreams,
Yet its essence, through endless mutations,
  Immutable gleams.

Deathless, though godheads be dying,
Surveying the creeds that expire,
Illogical—reason defying—
Lives that passionate, primal desire:
Insistent, persistent, forever
Man cries to the silence:—"Never
Shall Death reign the lord of the soul,
Shall the dust be the ultimate goal,—
I will storm the black bastions of Night!
I will tread where my vision has trod;
I will set in the darkness a light,—
In the vastness—a God!"

Chapter XIII

Finding God in the Bible and Beyond: Revelation

> Find God where he finds you: find him in the Bible and in the fresh revealings beyond the Bible.

The Bible was, and is, a gift to the mystic soul. It must be read, as it was written, by men in immediate touch with God. It should be used as a guide and support to present devotion, and not as a substitute for it. Still as of old, "man discovers what God reveals." As the Bible was not dictated to machines, but disclosed to living minds through conscience and the will, so even to-day human intuition answers to divine inspiration and the deeper truth enters life only through the alembic of our own experience. The spirit of man is the final oracle of God. "All our news of God," says Evelyn Underhill, "comes to us through the consciousness of individual men, and arrives tinctured with their feelings and beliefs." So there are many bibles, and many illuminations—and in their light we see light. Yet we

must re-discover for ourselves what others have seen, and we must re-experience in our own hearts what they have known—and then we, too, must be led by the Spirit of Truth into all the new applications of truth, to-day and forever.

> The word by seers and sybils told,
> In groves of oak and fanes of gold,
> Still floats upon the morning wind,
> Still whispers to the willing mind.

Even Christ assured us that there were many more things to be said, as men became ready to bear the truth and to be bearers of it; while Paul declared that the inarticulate, and even groaning, voices of the world would yet rise into coherency and clearness with the further revealing of the sons of God.

The Bible of the past which we chiefly prize is itself but the most luminous section of the larger bible of the world-experience of God. As men prove all things, and hold fast that which is best, the "Christian Bible" emerges supreme. It is coming to be everybody's book—the higher voice of the universal religion, whose full note of purity and power is the "Word made flesh" in the world's Great Commoner, Jesus Christ. We feel this vividly as we listen to Whittier's singing lines:

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find [quite] all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

Still, the real Bible is not the outward Book, but the thoughts and the consciences of the men behind the Book; it is "written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on tablets of stone, but on tablets that are hearts of flesh." Religion is man's discovery of God; and any book of religion takes its place in the scale of values only in proportion as it tells the deeper story of such valid and vital experience.

The superlative discovery and the supreme experience of the past have been those of the Jewish prophets and of Jesus Christ. The prophets show us the method, and Christ himself is "the Way." But we, too, must go to the same source, to the God behind the Scriptures. The Book has value only as it is a live wire to the throne. It is as it were the telephone with which we ourselves call up the God of the ages who speaks to men to-day. Or may we not use a more modern parallel still, and regard it as the radio

equipment by means of which we are helped to listen to the ever present voice of the Father?

We do not commune with the Book, but we have fellowship with the apostles and prophets, and we commune with their God and our God. The Book finds us because it helps us to find ourselves and our heavenly Father in this continuity and in this converse of kindred minds which is the real apostolic and prophetic succession. So while every man must discover and explore God for himself, there is still immense advantage for us all in using other people's tools and findings to facilitate our own laboratory and field work. Even if there should be no new principles to discern, yet there are innumerable waiting inspirations for all the developing program of personal life, and for all the applications and adjustments of the new creative social order. And these inspirations will come only at the point of actual duty and at the challenge of the hour and the task. The supreme gift of the Book is the knowledge of the timeless, but ever unfolding, Spirit of truth. Where has this experience been so delightfully depicted as in the personification of Truth in the "Wisdom of Solomon": They that use Her obtain friendship with God. . . . She goeth about Herself seeking them that are worthy of Her, and in their path She appeareth unto them graciously, and in every purpose She

meeteth them; and in all ages, entering into holy souls, She maketh them friends of God and prophets"? Could there be any fairer picture of the mystical communication than that sketched in these lines?

All truth is inspired of God—in art, in science, in literature, in statecraft—as well as in religion. There is no domain of wisdom outside the mystic insight; and there is no schism in the search for truth. We are all fellow pioneers and prophets. It is God's one Spirit of truth that leads men into *all* truth. There are many phases of wisdom, but no factions. Church inspiration and laboratory inspiration are not isolated phenomena. We should rejoice in the various classes in the one great school of God. This unity in variety is happily voiced by Dr. Charles W. Gilkey: "The prophets, saints, and preachers who have most inspired humanity are at one with the great poets, musicians, and creative thinkers of the race in the frank and humble confession that their utterances are, to their own consciousness, not so much achievements of their own lives, as gifts, inspirations, coming to them from above, by way of within." However, our religious intuitions are the most insistent, the most inclusive, and vastly the most important, though they are never entirely distinct from other inspirations. Then all illumi-

nations should meet at the central altar of worship. And so the poet well sings:

> Let there be many windows to your soul,
> That all the glory of the universe
> May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
> Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
> That shine from countless sources. Tear away
> The blinds of superstition; let the light
> Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself,
> As high as God.

The radical and the reactionary alike despoil the Bible of its palpitating power. The over-conservative souls are as blind as the over-critical. We suffer equally from the iconoclasts who would smash the Bible, and from the idolaters who would worship its letter. A good thing can be as deeply damned by fulsome praise as it can be by faint praise.

It is the mystic soul that finds the heart of the Bible, and is found by it. It is the mystic soul that discerns, without need of criticism or casuistry, that the Book was neither dictated by God nor devised by man. It is the mystic soul that uses the Bible as a means of present communication, and not simply as a phonographic record of past communications. It is the mystic soul today that calls the master spirits from the vasty deep of the Book, and has great fellowship with

the great hearts of the story, and supreme fellowship with the Master Heart of Christ. In his light the mystic sees light, as all the radiance of sacred story gathers round his head sublime. The mystic searches the Scriptures, not to find eternal life in their letter, but to find the illuminating testimony of devout lives, and above all the testimony of him who was the way, the truth and the life. Mysticism brings to the Book the law of proportion; and beholding the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ, it applies the Master's scale of values to the things spoken of old time unto the fathers in divers portions and in divers manners. This sense of balance and perspective is the genius of all discerning experience. A certain Hindu received from a passing missionary a copy of the Psalms. For many years it was the only portion of the Bible that he knew. But at length another missionary brought him a copy of the New Testament. He had no difficulty with the scale of values. He put his mystic appreciation into a telling metaphor: "First I wandered by starlight; then I walked by moonlight; but at last, in Jesus Christ, I saw the sun."

The mystic discerns the total, cumulative message of the Old Testament. In fact, he climbs its scale of values to the top, and finds exhilaration supremely in the surpassing experiences of the

prophets and the psalmists. The mystic's penetration is quite sure to agree with that of Gladstone, as expressed in the sentiment, "All the wonders of Greek civilization heaped together are less wonderful than is the book of Psalms—the history of the human soul in relation to its Maker." Yet such deserved appreciation does not require us to confuse the lights and shades of the Old Testament; nor does it forbid us to deplore the fiercer cursings of the imprecatory Psalms. The mystic is compelled to bring the tests of Christianity and of Christian civilisation to all questions of Old Testament interpretation. While he will be keen to every spiritual value in the growing revelation, he will probably find it necessary, for instance, to conceive different explanations, from those of the authors, for the creative days of Genesis, the wrath of God in the flood, the origin of the rainbow, the inception of races and tongues, the extermination of the Canaanites, the selling of diseased meat to the alien, the commanding of the witch to be slain, the ordering of men and boys to be stoned to death for picking up sticks on the Sabbath, the participation of angels and demons in human affairs, the lies of Abraham, the tricks of Jacob, the exploitation of the people and their reduction to peonage by Joseph, the daylight-saving feat of

Joshua, the formalisms of the Levitical codes, and the finical exactions of the priestly rites.

We have to choose occasionally between different humanitarian standards, urged by different teachers, even of the same Old Testament times. There is, for example, a strange contrast between the sentiment of Psalm 137:6, and Jeremiah 29.7. Here we pass from imprecation to intercession. The psalmist cries out upon Babylon, "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock!" But Jeremiah, rising to the height of forgiving love, utters what to us seems the true word of the Lord, as he enjoins magnanimity upon his kinsmen, saying, "Seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive, and pray unto Jehovah for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace."

The mystic will rejoice that his God is neither the Jupiter of the Romans, nor the Jehovah of the Jews, but rather the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And yet he will realize, with abounding joy, how especially the prophets of Israel prepared the way of the Lord. He will delight to rise with them to the hilltops of Old Testament revelation, and to join them in speaking the supreme words of Israel's undying message, "God is one; God is holy; God is good!" And so, standing there in deepest reverence and

gratitude, he will realize that those hilltops are the threshold of Christianity, and therefore of the ultimate religion.

Thus Christianity is everlastingly indebted to the higher light and leading of Judaism, although never bound by its limitations or by its letter. Christ delighted to *fulfil* the creative and cumulative spirit of Israel, while he refused simply to *fill full* the measure of her transient forms. He realized that the new wine of his gospel required an ever new receptacle and an always fresh expression. And yet, even Christianity is not a new religion, but rather a renewed and perfected revelation. There has been, and there is, but one timeless and everlasting religion, and Christianity is its final incarnation in a Life. Even the New Testament is not itself the revelation nor the religion, but rather the grail made holy as the bearer of the evangel.

I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days—
Faint gleams and broken, like the light
Of meteors in northern night,
Betraying to the darkling earth
The unseen sun that gave them birth;
I listen to the sybil's chant,
The voice of priest and hierophant;
I know what Indian Krishna saith,
And what of life and what of death

The daimon taught to Socrates,
And what—beneath his garden trees—
Slow pacing with a dreamlike tread,
The solemn-thoughted Plato said;
Nor lack I tokens, great and small,
Of God's clear light in each and all,
While holding in more dear regard
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard;
The starry pages, promise-lit,
With Christ's evangel overwrit—
Thy miracle of life and death,
O Holy One of Nazareth!

(WHITTIER)

Chapter XIV

Finding the God in the Inspirations Which "The Fundamentalists" Miss

> Find God where he finds you: find him in your fundamental spiritual convictions, and in their vital reaction to the living Word of God.

Fundamentalism is a term recently come into vogue to designate a certain type of static or reactionary thought in some of our Protestant churches. But we should let it speak for itself; and so quotations are given from several of its chief priests. The *Sunday School Times* recently remarked editorially, "The imprecations of the prophet-psalmists, spoken against their enemies, were inspired of God. They belong to the dispensation of judgment. Like all prophecies, they will be literally fulfilled." "It is the night," says William E. Blackstone, "Man is a failure. The darkness cannot be improved. The church itself is fit only to be spewed out of the Master's mouth. The world is in the power of the devil, and he has the power of death. The great mass of humanity sweeps on like a wrecked vessel to the judgment. Surely then this wicked world is

not growing better. On the contrary, judgment, fire and perdition are before it."

Rev. A. C. Gaebelein, editor of "Our Hope," writes, "Our readers do not need to be reminded of the teachings of the Bible as to the end of the present age. It terminates religiously in a universal apostasy." Certainly there is none of the vision of the Lord's prayer in these horrific words. There is no dayspring on the horizon. Night must succeed to night. But Rev. I. M. Haldeman paints an even more dismal and devastating picture. He declares, "The mission of the church in this age is not to save society, make it better, and set up a spiritual kingdom. The church is here as the ark was in the days before the flood, a witness of the world's condemnation, a warning of judgment to come. Christianity has its time limit and will come to an end. The world is a ship pounding to pieces on the rocks." Yet, as if such a portrayal were not stygian and vengeful enough, Dr. Haldeman has later added a few more desperate touches: "Christ is coming with the eyes of one who is aroused and indignant, as one who no longer seeks either friendship or love. He descends that he may shed the blood of men. He will enunciate his claim by terror and might. He will tread and trample in his fury till the blood of men shall fill the earth, . . . till their up-spurting blood shall make them crimson. He

comes as a king, an autocrat, a despot, through the gushing blood of a trampled world. And those who follow this emergent, wrathful king of heaven are represented as armies. They come forth as a body of fighters. They come to assist the warrior to make war on the world. In this way the kingdom is to come, and not by the preaching of the gospel and the all-pervasive power of the Spirit of God."

To be sure, all fundamentalists are not so barbarous as is Dr. Haldeman. Yet in the last analysis, there is not much difference among them, for all despair of the social salvation of the world, and all look toward an early second coming of Christ in fulminating judgment, when the so-called elect will join him in his magisterial and militant domination over the rest of mankind. So in the mouth of fundamentalism, the gospel of Christ and the gospel of the Holy Ghost are repudiated as far as any gracious world-conquest is concerned; and a program of violence supplants the program of peace on earth and good will among men. It is the doctrine of Nietzsche, and not the doctrine of the Nazarene. It is the doctrine of Nietzsche who taught that the superman should ride roughshod over all lesser men.

The fundamentalist attitude towards other Christians, even now, is indicated in the following recommendations from the proposal adopted at

the World's Fundamentalist Convention at Fort Worth, Texas, the past Spring: "(1) The withdrawal of financial aid and moral support from all church schools that teach any theory of evolution whatever; (6) The compulsory resignation of all pastors, evangelists, and Sunday school teachers who hold to any theory of evolution whatever."

Here, then, in fundamentalism we find a cult of unscientific and unchristian cast. Its genius is that of the scribes, and not that of the prophets. It is neither intellectually originative nor socially adventuring. It is in striking contrast to the new mysticism. The new mysticism is fluid and refreshing. Fundamentalism is fixed and sterilizing. Mysticism is poetic. Fundamentalism is prosy. Then fundamentalism is too frequently denunciatory rather than persuasive, and it is often damnatory where it might be appealing. It plainly reckons more with theology than it rejoices in religion. If it would simply hold to the faith once delivered to the saints, that would not be so unfortunate; but it rather holds to the dogmas later devised by the scholastics, while it stiffens them here and there with its own inflexibility. Again, it is too seldom good-natured. And how could it be exceptionally cheery, since it lacks the gospel of good news for a world-saving kingdom of God!

Let it be said, however, that all conservatives in theology are not fundamentalists. Many such conservatives are sweet-spirited, and also glad to have unhindered fellowship with their more liberal brothers, while they dissent largely in temper from the fundamentalist attitude concerning the vindictive second coming of Christ—although believing that the event of his more gracious return in the flesh is impending.

I have purposely passed over the fundamentalist dogmas concerning inspiration, incarnation, and atonement, that I might instead note the outcome of these dogmas in life, as evidenced by the authorities cited, and especially as regards the predicted foreclosure of human history and progress in a cataclysm of sanguinary judgment. To conceive human history without a perspective of hope and without a program of faith and love is itself the consummate apostasy and the final sacrilege. God give us prophets of the dawn who have courage enough—and Christianity enough—to cry, bon voyage! to the world, even in this day of travail. This is the supremely challenging hour for the revealing of the sons of God with the message of life, and not for the raucous voices of the prophets of despair.

The modern mystic and evangelical also believes in the inspiration of the Bible, in the incarnation of God in Christ, and in the vitality

of Christ's atonement; but he is bound to believe victoriously. He even believes that the atonement is vicarious—although not substitutionary. He rejoices to take these doctrines of grace out of the domain of mechanics, to lift them into dominion over life, and so make them evangelic for both personal and social salvation.

Certainly we need the intuition and also the initiative of the new mysticism to save us from the pessimism and partialism of the fundamentalist, and to deliver us from his mechanistic and unmerciful dogmas. The mystic can only abhor the thought of such a substitutionary blood atonement as is impotent to save more than an elect remnant, while it leaves seemingly the major portion of mankind to bloody destruction. Is not fundamentalism thus self-fated to tragic failure through its own lack of sweetness and light, and because of its denial of a saving program for the earthly kingdom of God? Is not its faithless dogma of the wreck and the remnant the very negation of Christ's gospel for the new humanity? Is not its sorry doctrine of frightfulness and of futility an absolute denial of the Christian faith and hope and love? How can its program of social doom have any part or parcel with that spirit of grace and truth which came through Jesus Christ?

Let us not miss the real issue. It is not a ques-

tion of the virgin birth, or of verbal inspiration, or of the bodily second coming of Christ,—the real issue is the question of the repudiation or recovery of our human world. Fundamentalism is a doctrine of doubt, denial, and doom for the earth and the fulness thereof.

Even mediæval mysticism was undogmatic, and it was not damnatory. And although it did not adventure far into the hinterland of discovery and of democracy, it yet produced many lovable spirits, and at times realized an interior fellowship that was at least the half-ready leaven of the kingdom of God. But the new mysticism must meet the challenge of the new day. If it is to have power equal to its task, it must somehow recover the graciousness of mediæval sainthood as evinced at its best in St. Francis and St. Teresa, while it must also fare forth into public life with all the ardor of the crusaders, translated into chivalrous and constructive citizenship. Surely if modern mysticism is to put to shame the theological and social unloveliness of fundamentalism, and counteract its paralyzing doubt, then our piety, faith and love must be re-sanctified and recommissioned.

But if true to its calling, the new mysticism, being direct and experimental in its access to God and its approach to life, will deliver us from the academic and also from the apocalyptic temper

so marked in fundamentalism. The revival of the visions of apocalypse is a sad reversion. However, this illusion cannot long stand the searchlight of the twentieth century. Even in Jewish philosophy, the dreams of apocalypse, with their promised restoration of a remnant in Israel, together with the doom of all but the elect, in a revolutionizing catastrophe, never materialized,—and no such scheme of election and reprobation ever can ensue in our modern age. Apocalypse has been rightly called prophecy in decline. Its attempted revival is about the most grievous anachronism of our day. As a system of religion, it can never eventuate, for it is non-ethical, and non-creative, as well as non-spiritual. On the other hand, devout believers in all ages have not failed in some measure to discern in the Bible mirror the true picture of the spiritual Christ, and to descry in some real sense the Christian perspective of history—the kingdom of God.

The fundamentalist extemporizes a second coming of Christ which empties the first coming of most of its fairer meanings. He substitutes the book of Revelation for the revelation of the Book. We have called fundamentalism fatally reactionary. Perhaps it should rather be called falsely rationalistic. It is a system-builder with a vengeance.

The source of this fierce apocalyptic teaching

lies entirely outside the Gospel, and essentially outside the real Bible. The spirit, and almost the very language, that our fundamentalist friends have borrowed, come from books that have never been a part of the Christian Scriptures. The fundamentalists have plagiarized—with vindictive variations—the Apocalypse of Ezra where it reads, "And the Most High shall be revealed, . . . and the end shall come, and compassion pass away, and pity be far off, and long-suffering be withdrawn," and they have copied—with added strokes of barbarity—the book of Enoch where it runs, "The Lord of spirits . . . will deliver them to the angels for punishment, to execute vengeance on them because they have oppressed . . . his elect: they [the elect] shall rejoice over them, because the wrath of the Lord of spirits resteth upon them, and his sword is drunk with their blood."

The fundamentalist has a mechanical doctrine of grace because he has a mechanical gospel backed by a mechanical Bible. Everything is programed,—first programed in the Old Testament for the New, and then programed in both Testaments for time and eternity. So we have an insistence on seasons, and routine that is like tithing mint, anise, and cummin, but neglecting the weightier matters of the law—justice, and mercy, and good faith. The fundamentalist's

way of handling Scripture is so toilsome and tiresome! It finds all the gnats of dates and statistics, but never sees anything as imposing even as a camel. It is involved in a tedious tussle with its tangle of proof-texts. It is troubled about many inconsequential and impossible things, to say nothing of things utterly unworthy of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus. At best, it only brings the clutter of marginal matters into the centre of the gospel stage, obscuring the essential greatness and loveliness of the Master, and distracting attention from the deep things of the Spirit. It sophisticates "the simplicity which is towards Christ," and substitutes apocalyptic refinement for apostolic fervor. How puerile to juggle with words, words, words, about future millennial machinery, not to mention fantastic plots of millennial militarism, when the mighty gospel waits to be told into life to-day, and tarries to be relived into millennial vigor and greatness now and evermore!

The modern mystic will go to the Bible to be touched by its great inspirations, to be thrilled by the divine-human soul of Christ, and to take counsel for the life of the spirit, while he will envisage anew in modern symbols and substance, the conquering kingdom of heaven, wherein is to be enthroned "the God whom Jesus saw." Fundamentalists hardly seem to see anything of the

light of the knowledge of this glory of God in the face of Christ. Indeed their God, depicted in the passages which I have quoted, is not our Christlike God at all, and their Christ the despot is not the dear but dynamic Master whom we know. Their thoughts and our thoughts are spiritual diameters apart. Their conceptions of the Christian religion are so different from ours that out of them the greatness and the glory are gone, while the spirit is dead, and there is left no ineffable gospel to grip the world and to grapple with its worldliness until the evil shall be overcome by the good. There is left no world movement of righteousness, but rather a débâcle of omnipotent failure.

Mysticism indeed will not neglect the faith delivered to the fathers and mothers, but it will interpret that faith in the light of to-day, and so it will experience as well the faith delivered unto the sons and daughters. For even young men and maidens must still dream dreams and see visions, and receive the fresh creative Spirit of God.

To the fundamentalist, revelation is of the past and so closed. To the mystic, it is an ever open book. One of the major prophets of mysticism, Auguste Sabatier, has well said, "Every divine revelation, every religious experience, fit to nourish and sustain your soul, must be able to repeat and to continue itself as an actual revelation and

an individual experience in your own consciousness. Do not believe that the prophets and founders have transmitted to you their experiences in order to make your own needless, or that their revelation has been brought to you in a book for you to receive passively as if it were an alien thing. . . . Christianity is an organization whose soul is immortal, but whose body is renewed unceasingly."

Fundamentalism is a doctrine of rescue. Mysticism is a doctrine of release. Christ himself came preaching "release to captives." Even the prodigal had a deeper self to be released and recovered, and the woman of Samaria was led to find far down in her own soul, to be revealed at length in purity and power, the artesian fountain of life. Then Jesus believed—as he prayed—in the recoverability of the world itself, and in its rehabilitation, till the Father's will should be done on earth as in heaven. Fundamentalism would try only to spirit away an elect coterie of souls out of the present social struggle. The new mysticism, on the other hand, would seek to put spirit into the struggle itself, believing that God in Christ and God in Christians can more than conquer, with the creative years. However, if the program of fundamentalism only stopped with the spiriting away of "the elect," there might be small complaint. The rest of us would trust

to get on by ourselves. But alas, the fundamentalists propose to come back,—and then not even for rescue, but for retribution. And they have the temerity to put our Christ at the head of their fighting column, as they make their imagined belligerent onslaught against the remainder of the world. This is explicitly enunciated in a fundamentalist pamphlet, issued by the "Bible Truth Depot," New York, which lays down a procedure of a piece with Dr. Haldeman's ensanguined campaign. "Christ is coming," says this pamphlet, "to receive us to himself before he appears in judgment. When he appears, we shall appear with him in glory, and with him judge the world and reign over it. The world will not be converted by the preaching of the gospel, but it will go on till the Lord appears and breaks down all opposition with a rod of iron,—which rod of iron Christians are to share with him." The writer had evidently conceived the Old Testament, not as a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, but rather as a taskmaster to whip even Christ himself into the ranks of the vindictive. Such interpretation, and such inquisition would be unspeakably terrible, if they were not so grotesque to the mystic soul, and so unthinkable to the normal modern mind. But imagine getting this humiliating and desperate travesty of the gospel out of the same Bible which so many of us

love, and in which we have been taught the progressive advance to liberty of the sons of God! Think of turning our glorious Book of salvation into a safety-first device for elevating a remnant of mankind to the throne of judgment! Think of debasing the Scriptures, with their marvellous literature of diversified and ascending divine experience, into a logomachy of proof-texts, to be wrested into a program of pessimism for the execration of those who do not bear the fundamentalist marks, and into a propaganda of partialism for the exaltation of those who do!

Even mysticism, however, must light its lamp afresh, and it must kindle as well the social fires on all the altars of life, or the light that is in it will become darkness,—for "this is the judgment, that light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light." But we have the luminous assurance that at length the positive and prophetic power will triumph, for the Master has said, "I am the Light of the world"; "Ye are the light of the world."

Chapter XV

Finding God as the Spiritual Dynamic of Society: Democracy

> Find God where he finds you: find him in the social contacts of life, and in the democratic progress of the world.

Be as individual as yourself, but remember that individuality can come to itself only in fellowship. Yet personality is not to be lost either in God or in society. Society's mystic coherence, like the union of God and man, is less than a blend, but altogether a bond. And the Christian commonwealth is not a fusion, but a federation. Even democracy does not demand a melting-pot. To be sure, the substratum of humanity is like the mighty common base from which the mountain peaks arise. But the higher unity is realized only as summit signals and answers to summit, and as individualized man calls and responds to his brother man.

So if mysticism is the immediate experience of God in his world, then the supreme mystical career lies in the dynamic domain of the social contacts. The problem of mysticism is to inspire

and invoke an organic and orderly social life in place of the lingering remnants of primeval chaos, and of the wrecks of our persistent cross-purposes. The modern saint will be patient, but his life will also be insistent in its social demands and impelling in its humanitarian adventure. He will not accept the procrastinating pronouncement of a pietist of our day, "Only faith is needed—the faith that is prepared to pray a whole lifetime without seeing any visible results." He will pray the prayer of that faith that is never without works, that is fervent enough to be effectual, and that availeth much in the power of masterful and righteous manhood. The tragedy of mediæval mysticism was that it did not pray itself into a career in God's actual world, but rather sought to seclude itself in the introspective quest of unearthly satisfactions. Its gospel was too exclusively of the closet and the cloister, rather than of the open arena of divine action and of serviceable consecration. However, Christian mysticism will retain the closet, and the cloister—and the church—but it will maintain them also in such a manner that they will always have soul-stirring meaning and power to rouse and requisition their devotees for compelling objective careers. Did not Christ say that the altars of devotion were to realize their most sacred office as they commissioned key-men for duty and love? Did he not

promise to achieve through his discerning and dauntless disciples a deathless kingdom of God, a commonwealth against which the gates of hell should not prevail? So the God who inspires men, waits to speak through them, to move with them, and to emblazon his splendor in their resplendent deeds. In this spirit, Angela Morgan breathes what to her is a thus-saith-the-Lord:

When men are dumb, my voice is dumb;
I can not come till my people come!

If the people rise, if the people rise,
I will answer them from the swarming skies,
Where Herculean hosts of might
Shall spring to splendour over night:
Blazing systems of sun and star
Are not so great as my people are,
Nor chanting angels so sweet to hear
As the voice of the nations freed from fear.

Most religions have been absorbingly priestly and pietistic, and have overmuch exhausted their adorations at the altar, or at most have arduously sought reconciliation with God, mistakenly assuming such a state of grace to be possible without creative brotherly regard. Professor Hocking speaks of "the unsociality of the mystic's life circuit." But of which mystic? Thank God there are real mystics who are live wires to his throne in the midst of the people, whose spiritual

solitude even is social. Then how can the professor declare again, "Radical social disconnection is also an essential part of mysticism"? Why, the only disconnection that the modern mystic needs is to break with any isolation that separates himself and God from the common fellowship of all men, to part company with all old systems of exclusiveness, and, under the sway of the creative touch of God, to uncouple life from both other-worldliness and over-worldliness, and link it up in the joint-heirship of the Father's cooperating sons. It is a strange futility, if not folly, that tries to connect with God by disconnecting with God's other human connections. We are certainly not to forget man in finding God; we are rather to bring all the great interests of our common humanity up in remembrance before him. He is the people's God. When John the mystic, amid the solitudes of Patmos, was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, he saw a New Jerusalem with all its gates open to the glory and honor of the nations. While we may not champion the whole program of the Revelation, we must still realize that John was a new mystic, astir with the audacity of faith and with the spirit of a great social adventure. On Sunday, he saw the Holy City.

God inspires souls in society, not souls in suspension between heaven and earth. Then society only can afford the soul a career, and the soul

only can give society a character. The point of application to some homely, wonderful service is the special revealing place of God's glory. His divinity waits above all to shape men's ends in the searching situations where there are "wrongs that need resistance," and "rights that lack assistance." God will not visit men in a vacuum, but in the world's weather. Even our churches need to be well ventilated, so that the wind that bloweth where it listeth may find us there, and so that the pentecostal breezes may quicken us.

Jesus himself was the world's great practical, social mystic. To him not only the cup on the table of communion was sacramental, but also the basin and the towel at hand for the washing of soiled and weary feet. He linked the humblest services with the holiest sanctions. And so it is written, "Jesus, knowing that he came forth from God, and goeth unto God, took a towel; poured water into a basin; and began to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel!" Thus he hitched the basin to his star, and gave the towel a place with himself in the sun. And he has had not a few worthy disciples who have been the continuators of his spirit. Of Milton, for example, Wordsworth was able to say, "Thy soul was like a star—majestic, free." But he could also say, "So didst thou travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness; and yet thy

heart the lowliest duties on itself did lay." No wonder England had need of Milton—to drain her fens of stagnant water; to endue her firesides with purity, and to endow her altars, her courts, and her literature with a new heroic dower. As Milton lay dying, he was heard to whisper, "Still guides the heavenly vision." It was very real. It was vastly more than the dream of his youth. He had already envisaged it in a great epic poem, but he had also visualized it and vitalized it in great statesmanship for the weal of his beloved Britain and the world.

The God of all the earth can accept no homage that does not breathe the enthusiasm of humanity. Such "enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity." Can there be any vital adoration of God without attachment to positive and concrete goodness? How then can we accept the following retiring sentiment of a would-be modern mystic, "The first requisite of any valid spiritual work is a detached heart?" Such a conception is of a piece with the mediæval mysticism, which really harked back to Neo-Platonism, and tried to find God by retreat from the finite into the Infinite. It neglected the Beyond which is within the soul itself and in the society of souls. But a true Christian mysticism believes with Professor Ross "that God revealed in Jesus is more than the Infinite One; that he is the Father whose loving will is present

and at work in the finite world, and in the experiences of the workaday life of his children." What we need to realize, then, is not a retreat even into the Infinite, but rather an invasion of the finite by the Infinite for great ends. Some one has well said that "There was an invasion of Africa by God through Livingstone." That is the true mystical conception of God's proposal for the redemption and renewal of the world—illustrated supremely in the incarnation in Christ.

We must spiritualize the actual life of the world. Probably the two most unspiritual attitudes that serve to defeat God's purpose for Christianizing the social order are economic determinism on the one hand, and egoistic detachment on the other. What we need, to combat these disintegrating interests, is an ethical and evangelical devotion to the great common weal,—to Christ's kingdom of God. How tragic, then, is the faithlessness of those unsocial souls who desert the God of all the earth in the cultivation of their pietistic moods! They really play into the hands of the materialists and the exploiters, for they leave the earth and the fulness thereof to the ungodly.

But there is still an undefeated Providence in the world. God is not mocked. As in the beginning, the Spirit of God moved upon the waters, so now the same Spirit moves upon the welter of

our human life. We believe that as chaos became cosmos in the physical universe, so again, under the brooding presence of the Over-Soul of God, the chaos of the unrelated and discordant souls of men shall at length become the cosmos of the Christian order. Yet what God purposes is not a union of men imposed by his fiat, but rather a communion induced by the patient persuasion of his will. And so we pray:

God give us Love—the spirit and the deed—
  That we may shape a brotherhood of grace
  From out life's chaos of dissevered hearts,
And weave a seamless robe, a living creed,
  Around the great soul of our struggling race,
  Till fellowship becomes the art of arts.

Mysticism is personal and social inspiration and communion, destined at length to be the informing genius of men and nations, and to become the generator of their peace and good will. Its gift to the world is a kingdom of constructive brotherhood that "cometh not with observation." Spectators on the sidelines can never be its creators. Its architect is God himself, and its earthly builders are the men who see eye to eye with him as they work hand to hand in the travail and triumph which slowly but surely rear the superstructure of Christian civilization. The millennial mystics, who are only out star-gazing, can-

not, with all their searching of the heavens, descry the real divine-human kingdom of God. Indeed, through two actual millenniums, all the cries of "Lo, here! and Lo, there!" have been pitifully disappointed and disappointing. Jesus himself forewarned us against such futility. He told us plainly that the kingdom would never come as a magic spectacle conjured into human history by a juggling God. He said it would come in and among men as a pervasive and creative spirit, as the hallowed and fatherly will of God was reverently discovered and done on earth. He did, however, promise great luminous psychological moments, great illuminating spiritual crises; but they were to be the climaxes of cumulative toil and adventure. To vary the figure, they were to be the occasional tidal waves in the mighty urge and rhythm of the unconquerable deep. Still God moves upon the waters. Our supreme trust is in his cumulative purpose. Well may we sing with Priscilla Leonard,

On the far reef, the breakers recoil in shattered foam,
Yet ever the sea behind them urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges thro' all the thunderous din:
"The wave may be defeated, but the tide is sure to win!"

O mighty sea! thy message in clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress it matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil, how strong the reefs of sin;
The wave may be defeated, but the tide is sure to win.

In the long succession of the generations, wave upon wave, God's cumulative social purpose will be accomplished. This was the philosophy of Jesus as expressed in the ever-fulfilling prophecy, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." In the beginning, with every new child, God injects fresh initiative and insurgency into life. "Original modifiability in the child," says Professor Dewey, "has not been given a fair chance to act as a trustee of a better human life. It has been biased by adult convention and convenience." Given this variability and originality of childhood, together with the perfecting providence of God, there then emerges a philosophy of history that justifies Christ's optimism for the coming harmony of the world.

It may be recalled that King Arthur's white marble castle at Camelot arose by Merlin's enchantment in a week,—tier upon tier, with a lowest course of sculpture representing beasts slaying men, then a higher representing men slay-

ing beasts, then another representing men fighting to right wrongs, and then another higher still representing men growing wings, and then, supereminent over all, the wingèd statue of King Arthur himself. It is a parable of the rising temple of our human liberties,—not conjured by magic in a week; but dreamed by spiritual imagination in any great day, and done into fact by mastery of the long cumulative generations.

Even the soul's meditative devotion must be potential with ministering grace yet to be lived out among men. As the virile saint is musing, the fires of social passion will burn, and the visions of social service will shine. But if he would receive all the mystical light and leading of God, he must be ready and keen to add to the visions of the prophet the visualizations of the producer and the performer. To the scenario of his dreams he must be able to contribute something of the continuity of the dramatist, and he must crown all with the dramatic art of the actor who puts the whole inspiration into some telling effect. But who is equal to these things? We should be thankful that God himself is the supreme director and that his providence sets the stage; while each one of us is endowed to play his part, however small or great. Although God inspires and directs all the production, he yet leaves much of interpretation and initiative to his free cooperating chil-

dren. Life is no puppet show, and God is no mere manipulator. He is the manager who rules by the authority of persuasion.

Here, then, is a drama of divine direction, but also of human development, ordained to reach at length a denouement of righteousness and a climax of love. The divinity that shapes our ends is both patient and persistent, and the power not ourselves that makes for such final goodness is ever moving among the liberties of men with the leadings of consummate destiny. With all its reversions and perversions, society is yet slowly but inevitably swinging into its designed orbit and order in conformity to the two focal forces of God's sovereignty and of man's free will. So the ancient and inescapable dualism is to be resolved by being harmonized in the mystical communion.

Every dynamically devout soul thrills with Will Chamberlain's expectation:

I feel a better earth is surely coming;
The first streaks of its dawn are in the sky;
Dark ancient forms, all bitter and benumbing,
Will in that clearer era fade and die:

I sense the tumult of the hateful struggle,
Waged by the troops of selfishness to hold
The fortresses wherein their masters snuggle,
Clutching their bags of ill-begotten gold.

For love, my brothers, was this planet fashioned,
From love's dear hand it spins the trails of space,
And love [at length] by noblest dreams impassioned,
Shall brighten it for every human face.

Under the spell of any great unifying purpose, men become as one man. So mass movements are achieved. But the mass may become a mob—and it will become such, if the identity of individual men is lost in the sweeping impulse of the crowd —whether it be good or bad. True mysticism is a fervor, but not a fever, and it is led by the Spirit of truth. When reason is dethroned, Christian sainthood is destroyed. True mysticism lives only in the balance of the person in the personnel, of the soul in the solidarity of real individual men. And here is where solitude counts. Christ went into the solitude, not to be an ascetic, but rather to become an adventurer for God. He felt and formulated the compelling fellowship of his church and kingdom first of all in the experience of the wilderness. But he was not in retreat. He was identifying himself with his brother men in the penetrating but perfervid delineation of a program of the most intimate and intense association. He was apart, but not aloof. There, in his seeming retirement, he described the time, beyond all divisions and resistances, when the world should believe, and men should be one, and

when the acceptable years of the Lord should arrive, with liberty and justice and love for all humanity. Every true saintly soul in some sense has similar experiences.

If the great mystics are lonely men, it is not because they wish to be alone, but because they are so far to the front in the van of advance, that the world inclines at first to let them alone, not since they are not contemporary with their age, but since they are also contemporary with the coming age. In American life, Abraham Lincoln, the most social of men, was also the most solitary figure of his day. "I saw him," says John Drinkwater, "following his vision unswervingly, lonely as the great are lonely. I saw him going the way of dominion, with a pitiful, high heart." Lincoln, whose soul was full of lyric grace, and also of dramatic social passion, was at the same time the supreme epic personality of his nation. He was a dynamic mystic, touching reality in all the poetic and prophetic ranges of life.

The man who finds his deeper self will also find the great common mystic heart of humanity. He will, like his Master, come from the searching solitude of the wilderness with the consciousness that the Spirit of the Lord is upon him, anointing him for both compassion and cooperation. A soldier in the Great War offers an apt illustration. He lay desperately wounded and alone in a shell-

hole all one night, while the battle roared around him, but virtually unheard. He wrote later: "I did not expect to come out alive. The wound bled profusely, and I was very weak. I accepted death. I knew, as I had never known anything before, that God could triumph over the force that had sunk the world in war. I seemed to count only as part of that Giant Man made up of us all. I knew that *that* man could win over the brute and that some day he would. I had a deep conviction that God and man together in the fight could make the world good. It was a new faith for me—and I must keep it! I've got to keep it; for the old way of thinking can never satisfy again!" That young man had found "the real thing"; he had had the world-conquering mystical experience. He had tapped the World-Will of God and he was ready to find himself in the solidarity of common service. With all his personal liberty, he yet wanted to be massed with the new humanity, federating as one man under God. He had become a socialized soul.

In the figure of Paul, humanity is to be "knit together in love"—every stitch in the fabric of fellowship a unit in itself, but involved with every other unit in the total web of life. Or in that further symbolism of the apostle, mankind are fellow citizens, destined by the divine persuasion at length to be "builded together into a habi-

tation of God in the spirit." The process is long and laborious, but the procedure is instinct with the final allurement of God's ministering and mystic love. How graciously has Mrs. Wilcox voiced this social challenge and expectation!

God is calling to the masses,
To the peasant and the peer;
He is calling to all classes,
That the crucial hour is near;
For each rotting throne must tremble,
And fall broken in the dust,
With the leaders who dissemble,
And betray the people's trust.

Yes, the voice of God is calling,
And above the wreck, I see,
And beyond the gloom appalling,
The great government to be;
From the ruins it has risen,
And my soul is overjoyed,
For the school supplants the prison,
And there are no unemployed;
And there are no children's faces
At the spindle and the loom;
They are out in sunny places
Where the other sweet things bloom;
God has purified the alleys,
He has set the white slaves free,
And they own the hills and valleys
In the government to be.

The door of the closet of personal devotion should open inevitably into the common sanc-

tuary of some public pentecost, where men see eye to eye, and mobilize for great concerted action. That first Christian Pentecost in old Jerusalem was prophetic of a mystical mass movement that is destined to sweep the world. The secret is not far to find, "They were all with one accord in one place"—and Christ was their Master. In a supreme sense, all the world was in that one room. Its mysticism was the Christian esprit de corps. And this esprit de corps is the only hope of a discordant humanity. It can and will compose all distracting differences. It can and will conquer all partisan, industrial, racial, and cultural antagonisms. It can and will master the class spirit and the bloc consciousness, and sweep them at length, as concentric circles, within the vast, inclusive circumference of the God-inspired brotherhood. It can and will at last enlighten and endow men to "see life steady and to see it whole." The new mysticism is the joint product of Patmos and of Pentecost.

It is certain that "right shall win, since God is just" and merciful and masterful, and since man is his chosen child, begotten for the growing revelation of truth and love. The new world is ever being begotten, and in its patience it will yet win its social soul. Already have we seen not a little of the dayspring. The persistent God, who breathed a living spirit into

man, has in the march of the human centuries also inbreathed the unity of the family, the fellowship of the clan and the tribe, the growing democracy of the state and the federal nation, and he is even now proceeding to inspire the final federation of the world—for he is our international God. We are sure that our democratic Christianity has in it the coherence and the communion of the coming Christian democracy in all the earth. And its conquering banner over us is love, —the coming flag of all nations. All mystic souls will join even now with Alfred Noyes in the celebration of its assured dominion:

Flag of the sky, proud flag of that wide communion,
Too mighty for thought to scan;
Flag of the many in one, and the last world-union,
That kingdom of God in man;

Ours was a dream in the night of that last federation,
But yours is the glory unfurled—
The marshalled nations and stars that shall make one nation—
One singing star of the world!

Chapter XVI

Finding God In and Through Jesus Christ: The Master Mystic

Find God where he finds you: find him in and through Jesus Christ, the world's Master Mystic.

If mysticism is the life of God in the soul of man, and the soul of man in the life of God, then Christ is its last word of reality. If mysticism is the illumination of the human spirit, so that in God's light man sees light, then Christ knew its ultimate experience of wisdom and grace. If mysticism is the gearing up of the will of man with the will of God, then Christ is its final illustration of efficiency. If mysticism is the dynamic consciousness of the presence of God, known through practical contemplation and love, then Christ is the Master Mystic; for he lived vividly and completely in the bosom of the Father, and he was the unparalleled exemplar of both filial and fraternal love. In him the divine and the human were one. Christ's sense of God was unclouded by any sin, and his love of God and man was undiminished by any reservation or by any

regret. In Jesus of Nazareth, neither man nor God has anything to forgive. And then, through all, he is never other than our very kinsman—the prince and perfecter of *our* faith, experiencing for himself, as he experiences for us, the religion that he reveals. So he becomes the way, the truth, and the life, in order that we may live also.

Surely there was nothing in Christ's open-air spirit and virile touch with the world to lead any of his disciples to indulge in a pietistic or a detached devotion. He was no hothouse exotic, but rather a stalwart, native, outdoor man. Even when he went into the temple, he carried the manly tone with him, and continued to cultivate it there. He could tolerate nothing either otherworldly or over-worldly. He broke the spell of pious snobbery and of profiteering hypocrisy with a whip of small cords. In the hour of challenge, He was "the terrible meek." He knew God as the "*righteous* Father," and communed with his severity as well as with his goodness.

Then, in Christ, the spiritual and the social were never divorced. Even his solitude was the sanctuary of serviceable vision and passion. And as for his message to his followers, no sooner did he say, Come unto me into the secret of God's presence, than he added, Take my yoke and go with me into all the world of active discipleship and of Christian teaching and obedience. This

is indeed his two-fold challenge: Come, share with me God's mercy; Go, minister with me God's will. Christ allowed no slightest break between spirituality and service, between the divine dynamic and the human application. The belt of his purpose never slipped off the wheel of the world. The devotional motor of his life never failed to function in some worthy action. The clutch and the transmission were always engaged and working. His was both the faith that works by love, and the love that works by faith, and that scores the victory that overcometh the world. No calamity could wreck Christ's program, and no cross could block his progress. He believed finally in man, even as he believed first in God. And he visualized the triumph, beyond all judgment and defeat, when the righteous should shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father—when the meek should be masterful enough to inherit the earth.

So if mysticism is a fresh, uncanonical, and creative experience of God, then Christ is its master prophet, to whom the divine Presence is a perpetual pentecost. He declared that the winds of the Spirit blow freely everywhere, and he knew that the pure fire would touch every waiting heart and tip every willing tongue. As for himself, he was convinced that his own voice was the very oracle of God on earth, and

that his personality and program had final spiritual authority. Nowhere else in this intimate but majestical conviction of the Master so wonderfully declared, in a single utterance, as in the eleventh chapter of Matthew: "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father; and no one knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any the Father, but the Son, and he to whom the Son willeth to reveal him."

This was Christ's pre-eminence: He knew that he had the perfect spiritual experience of God's revelation in our humanity, and that he only could lead other men completely into this experience; he knew that he alone was the supreme discoverer of what God reveals, and so could bring others with him into the fulness of this discovery—as they came unto him and shared his yoke of fidelity and love.

So the modern mystic does not forget Christ in finding God. He rather finds in Christ the true and living "way" to God. Paul, who had experienced the ascent of life with his Master, voiced this truth in memorable phrase, "Through him we all have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Then to Paul—mighty theologian as he was—this experience was a family affair, as tender as it was transcendent; for he declared again, "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God; and if

children, then heirs: heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." So Christian mysticism is the religion of divine sonship and of human brotherhood, in which Christ himself is the peerless Son and the perfect Brother.

Christ's appropriation of our humanity is as complete as is his apprehension of God. Indeed, he could neither endear himself to our hearts, nor energize our lives, if he were only the divine goal, and not also the human way.

> Thou art the Way;
> Hadst thou been nothing but the Goal,
> I can not say
> If thou hadst ever won my soul.

"Ye believe in God: believe also in me." To believe in Christ is to believe in God in our humanity, and in man as God's son. It is both to believe in "the God whom Jesus saw as Father," and in the man whom Jesus saw as son and brother. Christ was "the first-born among many brothers"—first-born in excellence and pre-eminence, and so the Crown Prince of our faith. In Christ, not only did God so love the world that he gave his Son, but in him the world so loved God that it gave itself to him in returning love. Christ is humanity's Divine Double, lifting our love to the heart of the Father. With what noble words has Paul declared the wonder of this

mystic experience into which Christ leads our souls: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power, through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled unto all the fulness of God"!

O Man of the far away ages,
  O Man of the far away land,
More art thou than all of the sages
  More art thou than creed or command.
To crown thee we need but to know thee;
  We need but to live thee to prove.
Nor time nor decay can o'erthrow thee—
Humanity's ultimate Love!

Christ does not come to found a new religion, but to find the ancient and everlasting religion in its fulness and its fulfilment. He is the world's prayer, the world's conscience, and the world's love incarnate. It seems hardly wise to speak of him as unique. He is rather universal. He was when on earth not a man of peculiarities or of specialties. We could not reverently call him

a genius. In fact, he was extraordinary only because he was so much more ordinary than all other men. He could never be a *foreign* missionary, for his spirit was alien to no country and to no normal concern of our common humanity. He was indeed himself the world's Consummate Commoner. The only ancient and everlasting gospel is the personal religious experience of Jesus Christ—big enough to embosom itself in the eternal heart of God, and broad enough to embrace the heart of all humankind. So the Lord's prayer is rightly named. It is the prayer of the world's Supreme Representative, and it is the ultimate mystic symbol. It was the one common utterance of the world's first Parliament of Religions. But it was first of all Christ's prayer of adoration and of adventure—his rosary of devotion and of duty. Although deeply personal, it is also pre-eminently social, so that even its cry for forgiveness is Christ's petition too; for while he was sinless in his individual life, he still felt the sin and shame of all men as if they were his own. He who knew no sin became conscious of sin with us, in the unmeasured fellowship that made him Savior. He repented vicariously. But this was not substitution; it was sympathy. Whitman has put this mediatorial experience into masterful expression:

I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the oppressed
of the whole earth;
I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of
my race; it becomes all mine;
Mine, too, the revenges of humanity—the wrongs
of ages.

This personal, social, and intimate loving communion of Christ with God is manifest on nearly every page of the gospels, and though the words may not always report verbatim what he said, yet their import is sure. Hear him! as he makes confession of his creative faith: "I thank thee, O Father! Lord of heaven and earth"; "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me"; "I love the Father"; "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"; "I do always the things that are pleasing unto the Father"; "My meat is to do the will of my Father, and to finish his work"; "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"; "Abba Father!" "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"; "Our Father, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth."

In these affectionate but daring words, is revealed a mysticism as audacious as it is reverent, and as adventurous as it is endearing—a mysticism not only of serene devotion, but also of transforming will and work. Herein is Christ manifested as the World-Will of God incarnate.

Almost his last words among men voice this matchless confidence: "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth." To Jesus, God was the Great Companion; but he was also the Great Commander. So it was the world's Master Mystic who claimed the great commission and enjoined it upon his church. For Christ, piety never takes the place of faith—piety is faith, conquering and to conquer, till the gates of heaven shall prevail against the gates of hell, and the key-men of spirituality shall rule the world. In Christ, master and mystic are one and indissoluble. Yet how many people still try to believe in Christ without really believing in Christianity! But to forget Christ's program is also to be faithless to his person. We must enter the royal mystic family with our Lord through yoke-fellowship. We have his word for it: "He that doeth the will of my Father is my brother and my sister."

Then, in Christ's communion with the Father, and in his conformity with God's will, there was neither loss of his separate personality, nor of the distinction and freedom of his own will. He subscribed and cooperated, but he never subsided. He bent his will to the divine will in Gethsemane, not that he might lose himself even in God, but that he might find his final Saviorhood in electing God's utmost plan and purpose. He

voluntarily made them his own. He knew that he had power to lay his life down and to take it up again. Nothing of the distinctiveness of his personality was obliterated. He maintained his integrity, and stood forth, silhouetted against the unspeakable shadows of the Garden, as the Supreme Person of history. He had made his calling and election sure. And when he came up to Calvary, with the urgency and unction of that stupendous hour upon him, it was to cry in death, "Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit!" He had found himself in God; for man. He was no Buddha, crucifying desire, but rather our Brother-man, becoming himself the Desire of all nations. He had desired the best; and had been lifted by the cross to the pinnacle of conquering personality, only to return with surpassing personal authority, while God gave to him the Name which is above every name, that he might draw all men unto himself.

The mystic Spirit is operative in all hearts everywhere, but the inspiration is supremely luminous and persuasive only when men behold the masterpiece of the light of the knowledge of its glory in the face of Jesus Christ. The method for us, as for Paul, is at once simple and profound: All we with unveiled face, beholding as in the mirror of the gospel the glory of the Lord Christ, are changed into the same image, from

glory to glory, from character to character, even by the Lord the Spirit. The Lord of history without shows us the way, while the Lord the Spirit within works his dynamic will.

We need the mysticism of Christ to save us not only from materialism and worldiness, but also from ecclesiasticism, creedalism, and ceremonialism. Christ did not give the world another religion of documents, dogmas, and forms; he gave the religion of the Spirit. Yet he worshipped and taught in the church of his day, and proceeded to build a church of his own. But he demanded that that church should be as fluid and facile in its adaptability to human need as the very breath of God. To change the figure, for the new wine he demanded a fresh wineskin, and for the growing body of his church an ever new and seamless robe, rather than a patched-up garment of past respectabilities and present amendments. With mending and tinkering Christ had little patience. Christianity was not a copy, but a new creation. Yet the Master honored the past, for he brought things old as well as new out of the treasury. His real concern was that nothing should be belated or borrowed. He realized that even the glory of the past would be but as a garment soiled and worn, without the present washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. He thanked God that others

had labored, and that we enter into their labors; but he knew that they brought us only an example, and never an exemption from the ardors and the joys of creative work today.

With Christ, nothing could be substituted for the present experience of God. Christ himself never posed as a proxy. He showed men the way and called them brothers. He claimed to be the supreme brotherly teacher and inspirer. But every one who heard his voice and honored his revelation was taught to find God for himself, by learning with Christ his loving purpose, and living it out among men. Was it not Jesus who declared, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father"? To Jesus, the supreme mystic communion is this communion with the working will of God. God is absolute, but never isolated, and no man can deeply know his inspiration who does not as deeply share his interest. So the mystic who finds exaltation in the worship of the one true God, must cooperate with the present Creator in "laboring for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the reign of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood." We enter with Christ the holy of holies of mystic spirituality only as we seek not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and

to give our lives. Not out of the world, but "into all the world" is the mystic formula of Jesus; and so our mystic union with our Lord has efficacy only as we abide in him in order that we may bring forth much fruit.

For the finding of God, one is our Teacher, even Christ, and all we are brothers. In the fashioning of the kingdom of heaven, everything is personal. We are to build institutions, but every institution must be but "the lengthened shadow" of the Elder Brother of all brotherly men. The new world is but the creative companionship of friendly souls; the Christian efficiency is but the inspired wisdom of kindly and kindling hearts; and the final commonwealth of man is but the constructive fellowship of the awakened and adventuring saints. This is the new mysticism, and Christ is its luminous Lord. And so in abounding gratitude and creative joy, let us sing with Tennyson:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove,

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

THE END

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